The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME II. SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1906. NUMBER 29

DEAD AT NINETY SEVEN

Rev. Davey Bruner, the Oldest Baptist Minister In Kentucky.

Rev. Davey Bruner, who had spent the greater part of his life in Washington county, died at his home in Harrodsburg last Monday afternoon, aged 97 years, having been born in Jessamine county June 21, 1809.

He was, without a doubt, the oldest active minister in Kentucky, and possibly the oldest in the United States. It is said that he had been actively engaged in the ministry for over seventy-five years. During his long life he personally conducted about 600 protracted meetings and Baptised into the church between five and six thousand people. It is said that he has performed more marriage ceremonies than any other preacher in Kentucky, it being estimated that he has united together the lives of over 3,000 couples.

Rev. Bruner built Bruner Chapel in Mercer county and had erected quite a number of other church houses in this section. As an exhorter he had few equals and was always successful in arousing interest in his meetings.

The funeral occurred yesterday. Burial in the Bruner grave yard near his home.

DOCTRINE

Of Graduated Income Tax As Advocated By Roosevelt Is Populistic.

A Washington dispatch to the Courier Journal says:—Republican statesmen who visited the White House to-day were wonderfully acrobatic in their ability to sidestep all questions relating to the President's utterance Saturday on the subject of a graduated inheritance and property transfer tax. Privately it was admitted that the suggestions of the President in this direction were likely to be received with great favor throughout the country, but at the present time not many of the statesmen are ready to publicly indorse the views of the President or to elaborate their own particular views. The unanimity with which this caution was shown was surprising.

The private opinion was expressed that the utterances of the President are sure to start an overwhelming public sentiment in behalf of legislation for both a graduated income tax and an inheritance tax, such as now levied in England. Switzerland has an income tax, it is stated, that grows so heavy after a number of millions have been reached, as to practically prohibit fortunes beyond a certain point. As a result, millions of money are given to charitable and other objects to escape the tax, and the Government derives a large revenue from the source. England has an inheritance tax, as is well known.

The President has certainly made a big jump for the populistic band wagon. The middle-of-the-road Populists, at the convention held by them in Cincinnati, in May, 1900, adopted a platform demanding "the levy tax collection of a graduated tax on incomes and inheritances and a constitutional amendment to secure the same if necessary."

Big Purchase of Land.

Marion Falcon:—The Central Kentucky Real Estate Co., of this city, has purchased the eleven hundred acres of land owned by the late E. L. Miles, at New Hope, for about $40,000. This is one of the finest bodies of land in this section of the State, consisting of 400 acres of land in a good state of cultivation and 700 acres in virgin timber. Two handsome residences are on this property, the Miles home, and what is known as the Sherley Club House, now occupied by the family of Mr. J. W. Saltsman. Since the above purchase the company has sold to Mr. Thomas E. Brown 300 acres south of the railroad including about 100 acres of the timber and the Club house for $22,500, and the Miles home with 200 acres to Mrs. White for 13,500.

Death of Mrs. Edmonds.

Lebanon Enterprise: News that will be received with profound sorrow in this city and throughout the county is that of the death of Mrs. Annie Ray Edmonds, widow of the late Robert B. Edmonds, which occured early last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. B. P. Chandler, at Waco, Texas. Death was the result of an illness of pneumonia of one week's duration. The remains were brought to Lebanon and the funeral took place from the residence Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Edmonds was a daughter of the late Sam T. Ray and was 64 years of age. Forty-five years ago the 18th of this month she was married to Robert B. Edmonds, who prior to his death, December 29, 1905, was for half a century one of the most prominent men in the city.

The deaths of both Mr. and Mrs Edmonds were remarkably similar. Each was taken with pneumonia on a Thursday and died just one week after contracting the disease.

NEWSY LETTER

From the "Banks of The Beech" And in And Around Fredericktown.

It is quite a while since I saw any news from our banks of the river; your correspondent must be sick or gone to the springs.

News though is very scarce, everybody being busy using these lovely spring days for breaking up their ground.

A big crowd attended services at the Catholic church on Palm Sunday and everyone went home with some blessed palm. It was a very beautiful day and every seat was occupied.

Dr. Sim Thompson, from Louisville, visited Mrs Sallie Hamilton, his mother. His charming wife and child accompanied him and had a delightful stay on the banks of Cartwrights creek. His brother, John Thompson, an officer on one of the United States war vessels was down at the same time. John looked well and shook hands with all his old friends. He was in Bardstown and Springfield to see his acquaintances, and will return to his duties again in a few days.

Mrs. Kate Cecil, who had been suffering a great deal wita rheumatism, is well now and rejoicing, everyone with her smiles. Mrs. Kate has the best chickens in the country and the eggs are sold as fast as they are laid. Everyone wants to raise the same stock of hens.

Miss Louise Hamilton, who is preparing herself for graduation honors at St. Catherine's Academy, came home on a visit to her parents and spent a few days in the country.

Father Peters went abroad on business two days last week and came home for the Easter services which took place at the Catholic church, of this place. Christians of all creeds went to church to hear the beautiful music and to witness the imposing ceremonies, usually performed on that day. The decorations were very elaborate and speak well for the good taste of the ladies'.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, the grandparents, you might say, of this neighborhood, took advantage of these few beautiful spring days to visit their numerous children and grandchildren, who always are delighted to welcome them.

Miss Lizze Thompson and her sister spent the week with Mrs. Sallie Hamilton, their aunt.

Mrs. Kent Mudd is reported better at this writing and may soon be in her usual good health.

Suffered for Five Years with Kidney and Liver trouble.

"I suffered for five years with kidney and liver troube, which caused severe pains across the back and a blinding headache. I had dyspepsia and was so constipated that I could not move my bowels without a cathartic. I was cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and have been well now for six months," says Mr. Arthur S. Strickland, of Chattanooga, Tenn. For sale by every dealer in Blue Grass.

Easter at St. Rose.

(Contributed)

On occasions of solemn ceremonies the venerable edifice of St. Rose shelters a large assemblage of Catholics from neighboring parishes, and many non-Catholics find a welcome within these hallowed walls, and unite with St. Rose's own faithful in religious worship. To-day, which may be called "the golden clasp that binds the volume of the year," dawned upon many hastening toward the church, and before the first strain of the organ came forth as a Spring Greeting—a welcome to newly-risen life—every seat was occupied and a large number were standing. They had come to great the Risen Lord, and hear again the oft-told story of His immortal victory. What they saw and heard has left a memory that will linger long.

The high altar, whereon reposes the Risen Lord 'neath sacramental veils, was decorated with flowers and vines—spring's first offering to nature's God, and silently taught the beautiful lesson of virtue. Solemn high mass began at 8 o'clock. The Very Rev. Prior Father Vallely was celebrant, assisted by Father Caton as deacon and Father Higgins as sub-deacon. Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful and impressive in Catholic liturgy than Solemn High Mass according to the Dominican rite.

The sermon on The Resurrection was delivered by Rev. James B. Hegarty, O. P., in a most pleasing, earnest and sincere manner. It was logical, strong and conclusive, with the joyful Easter ring. That he might reach the hearts and souls of his audience he throw his own heart and soul into every sentence. His sermon was highly appreciated.

Until last fall St. Rose was the home of Dominican Novices. They filled all the minor parts in the ceremonies of the Sanctuary and also constitued the choir. Their work in the Sanctuary, in the Sunday school and in the choir was always accomplished with grace, dignity and pleasing results, and their departure was sincerely regretted, but necessity spoke and the scenes of their labors and recreations were changed. Their place in the Sanctuary has been filled by bright, active, edifying altar boys, who have learned their different ceremonies—many of them very complicated—with a most wonderful and encouraging facility. Their appearance in purple cassocks with capes and red sashes, and the graceful, correct execution of their respective parts, force the verdict that these children of the Sanctuary will compare favorably with altar boys of any city church. They reflect credit upon the parish in every sense of the word, and the patient labor of instructing them has borne a rich harvest of most happy results.

The organ, in whose shadow once stood the Novices, now mingles its strains with the beautiful voices of a choir well-trained under the supervision of Miss Katie Cain, and perhaps if justice were done in words of praise for the rendition of Rosewig's new mass in b., the members of the choir might feel that a kind heart, rather than a perfect knowledge of music prompted the compliment. However it is true that the mass was rendered in a most perfect manner, clearly showing that good natural voices had been trained with the most earnest and untiring efforts. The highest degree of credit is due to Miss Cain, who since the departure of the novices has called together such a choir and labored so faithfully to make today's presentation in the grand old Dominican church a possibility. Immediately after the novices left this church could offer only the worship of silent hearts and wondered when living voices would sing God's praises within her walls again. But the leader of a choir can do little or nothing without a generous response from others, and a cordial co-operation, once the response is given. They who belong to a choir must soon learn to make sacrifice and effort. The call for a choir that went forth from the closed organ was silent yet eloquent. A simple appeal, in the name of God Himself, to the finest emotions of the human heart. It did strike an immediate echo and brought forth a ready, willing, generous response. Soon St. Rose's had her own choir again, and her beautiful solemn ceremonies were resumed to the pleasure of her devoted and graceful people.

The first early rehearsal gave pleasing evidence that this newly formed choir was a unit, singing the praises of God with one heart and one voice, and from the one worthy motive of religion. All working together in harmony, so that harmony of effort produced harmony of voice. The Easter music—a mass difficult in many of its parts—was rendered so beautifully and expressively that it makes a just claim of merit and special mention for each and every individual member of the choir. Each particular voice seemed to be at its best. The true secret of good music—that mysterious something—which all recognize but can not explain was manifestly there, and very prominent, namely, the Soul. There was nothing mechanical; every word and every note told clearly that it had its birth in the soul of the singer. The quality of good singing is not strained; it is a smooth easy rendition that only heart and soul can give. It is an inspiration that comes from the pure untainted motive of religion and this is the leading characteristic that each voice of St. Rose's choir portrayed this morning.

Miss Mary Haydon sang an offertory selection—the "O Salutaris"—in a most pleasing and effective manner. Her fresh young voice gave promise of great future possibilities. It is a rich strong Mezzo Suprano and at no time does it appear harsh or strained. It is a voice that pleases, because of graceful, easy effort and a most perfect expression. The years to come will certainly add to its strength, while its soft smoothness will not be sacrificed. The day will dawn when Miss Haydon will sing with that high degree of proficiency which is reached only by a few.

The voices of Mr. James Clements and Mr. Polin, who control the Bass, are unusually strong and agreeable and harmonize most beautifully in the chorus. The tenor voices also are strong and free from that painful strain which is so often noticable in tenors. The effort is never beyond the limit of the voices and this is why Mr. Frank Noe and Mr. Joseph Clements render the tenor parts with such pleasing and expressive effect. Their endeavor this morning was certainly most creditable. The supranos are all rich and of perfect volume, holding their own at all times against the strong male voices, and giving forth an easy expression which influences the entire chorus. They are: Miss Lou Booker, Miss Emma Nunan, Miss Mary Haydon and Miss Ella Osborne. Too much praise can not be given to the supranos. Good alto voices are always rare, but today the altos were agreeably prominent and perfectly in keeping with the rest of the chorus. Certainly one could not expect to find outside of the larger cities better altos than are the voices of Mr. Mudd, Mrs. Cecil, Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Edelen.

Miss Lou Booker, of Springfield, may be considered a charter member of St. Rose's choir. As the "friend in need" she has been "the friend in deed," and has spared neither time nor pain to make this new venture at St. Rose's a success. Her strong reliable suprano voice, rich, mellow and of full volume, would save any chorus from the appearance of weakness. Her generous vital interest in the welfare and success of the choir, her ready response to every call, enhances the value of her ability as a singer worthy of sincere admiration. Miss Booker's singing today was the subject of much complimentary comment.

Mr. Frank Noe whose strong tenor voice is always pleasing and thoroughly reliable may also be considered a charter member. His singing is so correct, sure and certain that he might be considered the director of today's grand endeavors. The voice holds its own against the other parts, always sufficiently strong, never too strong. It is at all times under perfect control. We are certain that his efforts are highly appreciated by the people of St. Rose, and we trust he may long be associated with this choir.

We extend to St. Rose's choir our sincere congratulations on the success of their Easter effort. We trust that the vital interest they now take in music may increase with each rehearsal and that continued success may crown all their endeavors.

Marion Notes.

Falcon:—The approaching nuptials of Mr. Geo. A. Tong and Miss Virgie Bowman, will be announced at St. Augustine's church next Sunday and the wedding will take place on Tuesday, May 1.

Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, wife of Mr. A. R. Russell, of Phillipsburg, died at her home Sunday of a complication of diseases.

Mrs. J. C. Nally died at her home in Lorretto Tuesday after a lingering illness of cancer.

The announcement will be made at St. Augustine's Catholic church next Sunday of the approaching marriage of Mr. J. Clarence Abell and Miss Mahala O'Neal, which will solemnized at that church with a High Nuptial Mass at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning, May 1st.

NEWS NOTES

From Blincoe--Approaching Wedding,--Railroad, Telephone Talk, Etc.

A good crowd from this neighborhood went to attend church at Fredericktown, and hear the preaching. Easter Sunday is a day on which no Mantonite likes to miss church. All those who could not get to the Burg went to Holy Cross or Chicago.

Lorenzo Young, who had been going to Meade county for the last two years looking out for horses, made up his mind that there was something better there than fast horses, so he found him a young bride. Lorenzo is an industrious boy and every one who knows him is his friend. He is Ben Young's son, from Springfield, and his future wife is Miss Estelle Craycroft, the charming daughter of Bob Craycroft, of Flaherty. They will be married at last said place on Tuesday 24th.

Miss Prudy Cambron spent a few happy days of vacation at home with her parents. Miss Prudy is studying at Loretto, and loves the academy, but she feels like all of us that there is no place like home. She is anxious to see commencement day come. Miss Alma Cambrom also was at home for a few days. She was looking very well and intends to stay at Loretto until she graduates.

The telephones are working fine and probably a new line will be build starting from Manton to Bardstown. It will take in W. Blandford's house, C. C. Cambron's, Miles Smith, Felix Ballard and all the other prominent farmers on the Bardstown pike. There is also talk of building a branch of the L. and N. railroad, starting from Chicago, going to Holy Cross, then to Manton and Fredericktown, and meeting the main line to Springfield at Booker. We hope it will be more than talk. for the railroad at Manton would improve land a great deal and it would be a paying investment.

Miss Lounette Burnett is still visiting in the city but will soon be home again among her friends.

Sam Edelen and Ore Cambron who are taking charge of the Loretto farm spent the Easter holidays at home.

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK.

Did you read the opening chapters of Beverly, of Graustark? If you didn't, get a copy of last week's Sun and read them. This story is equally as strong as "The Wings of the Morning," which we carried in our columns last winter. Read it.

Cutting Affray at Mackville.

In an altercation at Mackville Sunday afternoon, Ed. Britton cut Oscar Sweeney in the left side with a pocket knife. The cut is not serious and Sweeney is recovering. It is said the trouble came up over a remark which Sweeney made about a horse belonging to Britton. Further details of the trouble cannot be secured at this time.

Crab Orchad has organized a commercial club.

LOCAL OPTION

People Will Hold a Meeting In Springfield, May 20.

A temperance mass meeting will be held in Springfield Sunday afternoon May 20, at 3:30 o'clock. It is expected that this will be one of the largest gatherings of the kind ever held in Springfield. The meeting will be called to order in the Opera House and will be addressed by one or more prominent temperance speakers, and by some of the pastors of Washington county. Representative people from every neighborhood in the county are expected to be present and assist in perfecting an organization which will be known as The Washington County Anti-Saloon League, the aim of which will be to assist in organizing the county in a through and systematic manner for the fight against the sale of whisky. At the meeting in May a Central Commitee of three will be chosen, namely, a Chairman, a Secretary and Treasurer. The work in general will be in charge of this Committee, but the various organizations will be expected to lend every assistance to the Central Commitee.

The election will probably be held in August, perhaps on Saturday the 25th, though the date has not yet been set. When the day of election is agreed upon, and other preliminaries arranged, the campaigning on the part of the temperance people will begin in earnest, and you may put it down that no stones will be left unturned. There will be speaking at every school house in the county, maybe two or three times a week; there will in a manner, be temperance services conducted every Sunday in every section of the county. Some of the most noted temperance speakers of this and other States will be here. Geo. Bain and Col. Young will deliver addresses at various points in the county and a host of others have been asked to "come" and whenever you ask a temperance lecturer to "come" he "comes a-running."

Those who are at the head of the temperance movement in this county firmly believe that when the election is over it will be found that the cause has swept the county. Even at this early date claims are made that the county will give from 500 to 1000 majority for temperance.

Don't forget the meeting in Springfield Sunday, May 20, at 3 o'clock.

EMBRACED DEATH

Instead of the Loving Wife, Who Awaited Him.

Owensboro, Ky., April 16.—Thomas Leisure, aged twenty-five, was drowned in Rough river to-day, about five miles from Hartford. Back of this bald statement of a fact lies a little domestic tragedy, which people who witnessed the drowning believe was about to end in a happy reconciliation.

Some time ago Leisure separated from his young wife. Friends have been endeavoring to restore peaceful relations between the two, but not until to-day did they succeed in obtaining the consent of the young man to return to his wife's home and talk over with her their differences. To reach the house it was necessary for him to cross Rough river. The high waters of the spring had washed away the bridges and Leisure had about decided to abandon the visit, when he suddenly exclaimed that he would swim across the river. He could see his wife's home—she was awaiting his home-coming, willing and eager for the reconciliation. Leisure removed his coat and plunged into the water like a Douglas of old. When within ten feet or the opposite shore he called to his friends on the bank that he was drowning, and without struggling sank deneath the waters.

His body was recovered to-night.

A Young Mother at 70.

"My mother has suddenly been made young at 70. Twenty years of intense suffering from dispepsia had entirely disabled her, until six months ago, when she began taking Electric Bitters, which have completely cured her and restored the strength and activity she had in the prime of life," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick, of Dunforth, Me. Greatest restorative medicine on the globe. Sets Stomach, Liver and Kidneys right, purifies the blood, and cures Maleria, Biliousness and Weaknesses. Wonderful Nerve Tonic. Price 50c. Guaranteed by C. J. Haydon.

One Bottle

of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, used as directed, will give you immediate relief from the inexpressible tortures occasioned by constipation, and its attendant ills.

Continue the use of this wonderful remedy for a time.

It will soon set your system right, when an occasional dose of it will keep your internal organism in the very pink of condition.

Well inside, you're well all over.

Dr. Caldwell's
(Laxative)
Syrup Pepsin

is the best preparation obtainable for all the many ills and ailments arising from overworked or disordered digestive organs.

It acts quickly and surely on the cause of the trouble and its beneficial effects are instantly perceptible.

It will cure the most obstinate cases.

Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin can be obtained in both dollar and half-dollar sizes from all druggists.

Your money will be refunded if it does not benefit you.

Your postal card request will bring by return mail our new booklet, "Dr. Caldwell's Book of Wonders" and free sample to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. Write today.

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Monticello, Illinois
Sold by The Red Cross DrugStore.

Meats

Below we print a sort of a "meat directory." Anything you want, any time you want it:

Roast
Steak
Pork Roast
Pork Chops
Fresh Sausage
Mutton Roast
Mutton Chops
Veal Roast
Veal Chops
Veal Cutletts
Pickled Pig Feet
Pickled Bologna
Ham
Breakfast Bacon
Mince Meat
Fish Every Thursday
Oysters Wednesday

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TUMEY & RILEY.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE.
Springfield, Ky.

Nice Outfits For Traveling Men.
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SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY

Best Attention.
Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes
Telephone: Day, 19: Night, 74.

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I am prepared to do all of your wood-work and repairing at the most reasonable price FOR CASH.

Upholstering of all kinds done.

Grain Cradles for sale.

I also have one new shop-made buggy and spring wagon and one second-hand spring wagon. Buggy trimmings of all kinds on hand.

W. H. BOND,
Springfield, Ky.

July 1, 1906

Dr. King's New Life Pills
The best in the world.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

Key to Aerial Flight Is Gasoline Motor

By L. W. HARGER,
Aero Club of America.

WILL further adaptation of the gasoline motor solve the problem of aerial navigation? To this question those who have made a study of the navigation of the air, who are divided into two classes, the balloonists and those who have been called "navigators," reply in the affirmative. The gasoline motor is the key to aerial flight.

The adaptation of the gasoline automobile motor for aeronautics by Dr. Wolfret in 1896 and by M. Santo-Dumont in 1898 was the widest step in the science of aerial navigation in its whole history, and both divisions of aeronauts, the followers of Montgolfier, who still pin their faith to the gas balloon and have made dirigibility their aim, and the other general class of investigators who have discarded the lifting power of gas and depend solely upon plane surfaces and mechanical propulsion for ascensional force, have evolved new principles since the petrol engines revolutionized the automobile and were found adapted for aerial machines.

M. Santos-Dumont, who is the Tesla of the balloon age, and who has received much applause and won renown for less advancement than many of his colleagues, is now experimenting to overcome the two great enemies of gas balloons—gas condensation and dilatalation.

Messrs. Labaudy of Paris, have built two airships, one of which has made a journey of 60 miles at a minimum speed of 25 miles an hour.

In America to-day attention is being attracted to that branch of aeronautics which pertains to birdlike flight. Orville and Wilbur Wright, of Dayton, O., have since 1900 been conducting extensive experiments with man-carrying gliding machines, and in their report to the Aero club of America of their experiments in 1905, made in a swampy meadow eight miles east of Dayton, O., from June until the early days of October established a new record. On October 5 their machines flew 24 1-5 miles in 38 minutes and three seconds. By oversight the tank containing gasoline was not completely filled and the exhaustion of fuel was the cause of stopping the flight.

The 1905 flyer had a total weight of 925 pounds including the operator, and the flights were made in circles. Landings at high speed were made without strain or trouble.

L. W. Harger

A Jap's Views of American Lovemaking

By TOYOKICHI IYENOGA,
of University of Chicago.

The Japanese custom of arranging the marriage of the daughter between the parents of the parties concerned is infinitely superior to the American method, with its attendant anxieties.

In America you have the long period of courtship, in which the young man is kept on pins and needles most of the time, always with the knowledge that his sleepless nights, his bouquets of violets, his theater tickets and his fervent worship of the divinity may be but "love's labor lost."

For after dangling the luckless youth upon a string for several months the fair American goddess may cast her worshiper aside and demand new sacrifices from a fresh slave. And even the young women themselves are sometmes given a little anxiety, I am told.

In Japan we are not troubled in any such way. Mental energy and brain force are considered more valuable in our country and so when the daughter arrives at a marriageable age her parents determine on a suitable alliance for her, the parents of the young man are called into conference and the marriage is forthwith solemnized. As a result the young man is saved an infinite amount of mental force, which can be utilized to better advantage.

There are some drawbacks to domestic life in Japan, however. The mother-in-law, the terror of the eastern household, is the recognized ruler of the household and usually takes good care that her traditional sovereignty shall be tacitly acknowledged. If, perchance, the old lady dies the wife is given a chance to exercise her leadership in the domestic arrangements of the household.

There are no old bachelors and old maids to adorn the literary halls of Japan as they do in America. Marriage is recognized as an inevitable part of life and there is no parleyng at the hymeneal altar.

Perils That Menace Students

By DEAN THOMAS A. CLARK,
of the University of Illinois.

There is something to be said in favor of letting a man go his own way and work out his own mental and moral salvation by his own method. It may ruin some men, but perhaps they would be of little value under the most careful supervision and might as well find it out early as late.

Certain existing conditions, however, make a reasonable amount of supervision both desirable and necessary. The boy enters high school at the most critical age of his life. His physical development often leaves him with little strength. New temptations come to him from all sides and tendencies develop in him to all sorts of nerve-racking habits. The conditions under which the college freshman lives are not always conducive to study.

Student freshmen should not be made to feel like helpless children. Give them some freedom. It is better even that at times he should make mistakes and go wrong than that all initiative should be taken from him. It is not the making of mistakes or the going wrong that we so much deplore. It is the fact that some who go wrong may never get right.

There are the fraternities which, beneficial as I believe them to be in the college community, are rather hard during the rush season on the attractive freshman without a level head and a strong backbone. There is the athletic situation, including football, at whose door the newspapers and college fraternities have piled quite as much evil as it seems to me circumstances warrant.

There are the drinking and gambling and the scarlet woman standing with open doors and open arms to rob him of his money and honor. These conditions and freedom may be quite valuable in developing or it may lead to ruin.

UNDERTAKING

WE are to-day, and from now on will be, better equipped to serve the people in the undertaker's business than ever before. We have two new cars; one white, rubber-tire car for young people, and the other a black car for elderly people. We have a man of twenty-nine years' experience connected with us, one who knows every detail of the business. He is an EXPERT EMBALMER and a painstaking, up-to-date FUNERAL DIRECTOR. There is no better in this line. We respectfully invite a part of the patronage of the public, and we feel that we are fully equipped and prepared to render satisfactory service in every particular. We have a GRAVE VAULT—the exclusive right for Washington county—no other undertaker can use it in this county.

These Vaults are of Stone and Will Preserve the Casket and the Body FOREVER.

When these vaults are used water can not reach the casket; they are sealed, made "air-tight. This vault can be sold for $25, while the steel, or metalic, is much higher. It is also well-known that the chemicals of the earth will in time destroy these, but the stone vault, when placed in the earth, is in its natural state and will last for all time to come. WE PROPOSE TO GIVE THESE VAULTS AWAY for a time, so that the people can see their value in the preservation of body and casket. They are far superior to any other vault or metalic casket. They LAST FOREVER.

HAYDON & BURTON

Freeman Grave Vault FREE!

BOY'S HEROISM SAVES A TRAIN

DISCOVERS BROKEN RAIL AND GIVES WARNING.

BAFFLED BY SNOWSTORM.

Elba, Neb.—Struggling through a blizzard, with night coming on, Charlie Hudson, a 14-year-old farmer boy, living in the country near here, one day recently staggered three miles down the railroad track and succeeded in saving a fast passenger and mail train from a disastrous wreck. When carried into the depot by the train men the boy was almost frozen, but has now recovered and feels no ill effects from his terrible race through the storm, with a hundred lives as the stake.

Seeing a storm brewing, Mr. Hudson sent the boy, who is large and strong for his age, to a pasture more than a mile from his farmhouse to attend to some cattle before the storm should break. While walking along the Union Pacific tracks the boy saw that the sudden cold had caused one of the steel rails to break in such a manner that a train passing either way would be derailed. The broken rail was on top of a high embankment, and a plunge downward by a train meant death to many.

"I knew that an eastbound passenger and mail train was almost due," said the boy, telling his story, "and I also knew that that train had to be stopped before it reached that broken rail. So I put out down the track as fast as I could go. It was three miles to Elba, the nearest station, and as I started the storm broke and the snow began falling. I was facing the wind, and the snow and sleet struck me in the face and nearly blinded me. I knew it wouldn't do to stop, so I went as fast as I could, running between the gusts of wind and at other times walking.

"Before I had gone half a mile the ground was covered with snow, and

HE WARNED THE CONDUCTOR JUST AS THEY WERE PULLING OUT.

when I had gone a mile there were several inches of snow on the ground. This made it still harder for me to travel, but I kept on. I knew I just must reach Elba and stop that train.

"But the snow got so deep and the storm was so terrible that I found I could not possibly beat the train to Elba. But I kept on going anyway. It got colder and colder, and I began to feel drowsy from the effects of this cold. The searching wind took the snow into every opening of my clothes and I was pretty wet. Several times I thought of sitting down by the track and waiting for the train to come up, thinking I could manage to flag it, but I was afraid that the engineer wouldn't see me. It was almost night anyway, and the blinding snow made it impossible to see more than 50 feet ahead of me.

"After awhile I knew that train ought to have passed me, and then it struck me that the storm had delayed it and it was late. I couldn't tell how much, but that only added excitement—the uncertainty of it.

"And the excitement gave me new life, so that I struggled on through the snow. I heard the train whistle in the distance, and I saw houses near, so I knew I was in the edge of the town. It was a race then sure enough, and the train beat me to the depot, but I staggered up just as the conductor gave the signal to pull out. I yelled at the engineer, and seeing the condition I was in he waited to hear what I had to say. I managed to get breath enough to tell him of the broken rail, and then I fell down in the snow."

The train men took Charlie into the depot, poured some whisky down his throat and soon got him around all right. Section men were placed aboard the train, young Hudson was taken on, and the train went slowly down to the broken rail, which was soon repaired and the train crossed safely. At a point nearest his father's house the train was stopped and young Hudson got off.

The railroad company will issue the boy a life-pass on the entire system for his fortitude in braving the blizzard to save the train.

Sinking Land.

Heligoland is gradually sinking into the sea.

Chamberlain's Salve is good for any disease of the skin. It allays the itching and burning sensation instantly. For sale by every dealer in Blue Grass.

MOORESVILLE.

Born, since our last, to the wife of Geo. Gibbs, Jr., a son.

Mr. Jas. Cull, Jr., of Nelson county, visited his parents last Sunday.

It looks as though the mumps will never leave our midst as new cases develop every day.

Messrs. Crooke & Curran have sold their tobacco crop to Mr. Moss at 7½ cents.

Mr. D. L. Humphrey was in our midst last Sunday.

We have been studying on this local option question for some little bit, and to look at it one way it looks wrong to vote a man's right away from him, for I believe a man has as much right to take a drink as he has to do anything else he wants to do. While upon the other hand when a man makes a brute of himself by taking that which belongs to his family that is meat and bread it looks like he ought not be allowed to drink at all. As far as I am concerned whisky does not bother me one particle, nor do I bother it. The best way to get rid of it would be to stop making. We believe the majority of the people down here are for local option. But as an Honorable Representative once said to me Mooresville people are not the only people to be secured, and from indication he meant what he said. So every voter in Washington county go to the polls when local option is voted on and vote as I do, and that it is as you please.

Danger From The Plague.

There's grave danger from the plague of Coughs and Colds that are so prevalent, unless you take Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Coughs and Colds. Mrs. Geo. Walls, of Forest City, Me., writes: "Its a Godsend to people living in climates where colds prevail. I find it quickly ends them. It prevents Pneumonia, cures LaGrippe, gives wonderful relief in Asthma and Hay Fever, and makes weak lungs strong enough to ward off consumption, Coughs and Colds. 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed by C. J. Haydon's drug store. Trial bottle free.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

NEGRO'S GHOST

Objected to Music Being Made With His Fiddle.

Bob Thornbury, of the Marion Falcon, is responsible for the following.

The negroes of the Arbuckle pike neighborhood are in a state of terror as the result of a pratical joke. Wesley Lewis, the negro who was frozen to death a short time ago, was a fiddler of local reputation and owned a good violin. Last Saturday night his widow gave a dance at her home, and the music for the occasion was made on his violin. In the midst of the festivities some one dressed as near as possible to represent Wesley, walked in at the door, and making his way to the musician, grasped the violin and placed it under his arm, at the same time exclaiming in a hoarse voice: "If yo' must have music, git yo' own fiddle, yo' can't have mine." And he turned and walked from the room and disappeared in the darkness. They all recognized Wesley in the retreating figure, and pandemonium reigned. The windows and doors proved inadequate to accommodate the panic-stricken crowd, and wild scenes of terror and confusion followed, resulting in personal injuries to a score or more.

Rheumatism Makes Life Miserable.

A happy home is the most valuable possession that is within the reach of mankind; you cannot enjoy its comforts if you are suffering from rheumatism. You throw aside business cares when you enter your home and you can be relieved from those rheumatic pains by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application will give you relief and its continued use for a short time will bring about permanent cure. For sale by every dealer in Blue Grass.

Mrs. Lucinda Ham, of Hardmoney, Graves county, celebrated her one hundredth birthday last Monday.

Keep Your Nerve

It is nerve energy that runs the organs of your body. The storage battery is the nerve cells in the brain and spinal cord, and from this battery nerve force is sent out through the system of nerves. To keep the body healthy you must have plenty of nerve force; if you have not, the organs work imperfectly, the circulation is sluggish, digestion bad, appetite poor, kidneys inactive, and aches, pains and misery are the penalty.

You can keep the system strong with Dr. Miles' Nervine. It assists in generating nerve energy; it strengthens the nerves and makes the whole system strong and vigorous.

"I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Miles' Nervine to those suffering from nervous prostration, insomnia, and melancholy. After several months suffering from above diseases I tried this medicine and found immediate relief. It soothes and strengthens the nerves, chases away the gloomy and depressing thoughts and gives the sufferer renewed strength and hope. It is a superb nerve restorer."

JUDGE JACOB SEEMANN.
Madison, Wisconsin.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

I PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR HIDES AND FURS.

"I PAY CASH."

5000 DOZEN EGGS

Received one evening last week after supper. No other argument is needed that the Poultry Raisers of Washington county are well pleased at our method of doing business.

Like Two Peas In One Pod

That's how one load of my splendid coal will compare one with the other. If you want "a hot time" buy my coal. 'Phone me.

"I AM THE PRODUCE MAN."

FAIR TREATMENT. HONEST DEALINGS. JONES' MOTTO.
I ALWAYS DO WHAT I SAY I'LL DO.

M. H. JONES.

High School Notes.

Prof. Colvin and wife, accompanied by Miss Mary Haydon, went to Louisville Saturday morning to attend the Grand Opera.

Baseball has come on the playground and driven out "Foot and-a-half" and the other merry diversions of winter. Considerable talent is found and in the month that remains it is hoped to get a good team.

Much of the time on the playground is taken up by practice for track events. Harry Shultz, John S. McElroy and Frank McCabe are showing up well in the broad jump. The first two named are going to enter the one hundred yard dash at Harrodsburg.

Practice for the scholastic, declamatory and singing contests at Harrodsburg as well as Commencement is causing no little work for the professors and the students say they fear an epidemic of brain-fag.

Football and hazing have faded into insignificance when it comes to broken noses since our "Young Ladies Exclusive Base Ball Team" was organized. A practice park has been procured to the north-east of the school building, and an entirely original article of ball may be seen there every recess by spectators in the second story windows. It is rumored that a match game will be played with Lebanon. Tickets will be announced later and full arrangements will be made to accommodate the crowd.

One of the trustees passed by our school last week but failed utterly to recognize the campus since its improvement incident to the spring track work. He fears that such luxurious appointment will in the course of time work the downfall of athletics in our school. We respectfully suggest to him that it is not these appointments, but rather the sweltering spring sun that threatens our athletics' records. The addition of wide spreading shade trees will help matters some, relieve the fears, and allevate to some degree our numerous epedemics of spring fever.

Dr. S. J. Smock paid our building a visit the other day.

Prof. Colvin announces that he has received a scholarship from Washington and Lee University. He has scholarships from several other southern colleges which go to the home pupils in the graduating class.

Lyman Barber is in Louisville this week taking treatment for nasal trouble. Lyman is one of our best speakers and it is the hope of all that he may be cured so as to leave his voice in good condition.

The editor has been kept busy chasing down another of the rumors that continually come to his ears and as usual he finds the present and without foundation, albeit a number of our most truthful and influential students appeared as vouchers for its truth. The obnoxious report was that Allen Waters had arranged to take a young lady to see the sights at Harrodsburg during the tournament. From the first we could hardly believe it of "Shag."

The following stanza-was handed in to the scribes last week and we publish them by request, reserving to ourselves the right to say and prove that they are not our own:

Do you know him, Minton Cregor;
When he gets a little bigger
He will be a man;
Now he's tall and straight in walk
And he dignifies his talk,
All he can,
But sometimes he will forget
He's not still his mother's pet
As of yore,
And his dignity goes begging
And his knife goes "mummerly pegging"
On the floor.

Blood Poisoning.

results from chronic constipation, which is quickly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills. They remove all poisonous germs from the system and infuse new life and vigor; cure your sotmach, nausea, headache, dizziness and colic, without griping or discomfort. 25c. Guaranteed at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

THOMAS M. PATTERSON, EDITOR, LAWYER AND SENATOR.

The recent defiance of the Democratic senatorial caucus by the senator from Colorado is much in line with former independent actions on his part. He left the Democratic party in 1892 on the silver question. He has been the stormy petrel of Colorado politics for twenty-five years. Senator Patterson was born in Ireland in 1840. He is a successful lawyer, having become several times a millionaire through his practice. He is also owner and editor of the Rocky Mountain News and the Denver Times.

HILLSBORO.

Misses Jessie Noel and Mallie Crook, spent Sunday with Misses Zora and Judith Montgomery.

Mr. Ben McIlvoy and family, visited his mother at Willisburg Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Hines, was in Springfield last Tuesday shopping.

Mr. J. A. Coulter and wife, were in Mackville Saturday.

Misses Effie and Maggie Montgomery spent Sunday with Mrs. Eatha Coulter.

Mrs. Mary Hines and daughter, Agnes, attended Sunday school at Willisburg Sunday.

Mr. Felix Noel, who has been sick, is better at this writing.

Mr. T. J. Trent, of Polin, was in our midst Saturday.

BROOKSVILLE.

Mr. Garnet Pinkston visited his sister at Hillsboro Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Allen Sutton and family and Miss Hattie Settles of Sycamore Valley, visited Mr. W. M. Sutton Sunday.

Mrs. Lula Armstrong and Miss Flossie Armstrong visited Mrs. A. C. Pinkston Tuesday.

Jerome Wilson is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. J. Sharp.

Purdom Pinkston and Iven Armstrong were in Springfield Saturday.

Messrs. Ballard and Op Settles and Sam Crook visited this place Sunday.

Mesdames. A. C. Pinkston and James Montgomery were in Mackville Saturday afternoon.

DEEP CREEK.

The little vicinity of Deep Creek has not been heard from for quite a long time. Some may think ye correspondent has meant to neglect it or has been asleep. No, it is true to say that she has never possessed such an idea as that but has always been glad to receive the sunshine it has brought her ever since she did not make any appearance of her little vicinity in The Sun.

The correspondent of Long Run has for several times issued through The Sun that he would like to hear from Deep Creek. Well if he does I ask him to hurry up with the rural route so I won't have to go so far to mail my letters.

I was glad to see in the columns of The Sun a statement of the temperance meeting held in Springfield, and also a reference to Danville, as your correspondent has been in school in that good town most of the time for nine seasons and I love to hear the name of that good town mentioned for it seems dear to me. May the Lord bless the efforts the good people are making in favor of temperance.

Since the last time Deep Creek was heard from there has been a great deal of sickness but at this writing there are only a few patients left. One death resulted which was that of Mrs. Robert Bottom, which occurred April 11th, at 8 o'clock. It filled the hearts of all this vicinity and those surrounding it with deep regret. Mrs. Bottom had been a sufferer for several months and when her death occurred it was not a surprise to her physicians and friends. She, too, expected the angel of death and was willing to leave this world for a better one, where she will meet and greet those loved ones she left behind. She leaves a husband and a six and a half week's old child, besides a host of friends to mourn her death. Her married life was very short but was filled with all the happiness that could be bestowed upon one. Your correspondent, with a large circle of friends, extends deepest sympathy to the sorrowing husband and family. Funeral services were held at Deep Creek by Rev. Sommers at 2 o'clock the following afternoon, after which the body was laid to rest in the Deep Creek cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Carpenter and little son, Reid Thompson, spent Easter Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Holderman.

Mrs. Laura Best was in Louisville the past week looking up the millinery stock for this spring and fall for Mrs. Chas. Coyle, who will be the milliner.

The visitors of Mrs. Geo. Elliott Saturday afternoon were: Mrs. Anderson Holderman, Mrs. W. B. Carpenter and little son, Reid, and Mrs. J. H. C. Elliott and daughter, Mattie.

Sunday school here is very largely attended.

Mr. W. B. Carpenter and Mr. J. H. Elliott, Jr., were in Mackville Saturday on business.

Mr. John Key is reported very sick at this writing.

There will be a meeting held in the afternoon at the Grove the first Saturday of next month which will be conducted by Rev. Summers and at night by Bro. Hatchett. Bro. Summers is a very young preacher, being at the age of 17 years. Hope to see a large attendance present at all meetings.

The corespondent of Long Run is to be complimented on his good letters which appeared recently in The Sun. The people of that vicinity ought to be proud of such a good correspondent.

ENGLEWOOD STOCK FARM.

CLARK

A large black Jack with white points, full fifteen and a half hands high, very fine head and ear, extra large bone and long heavy body, good foot. The sire of Filliatreau, the best two-year-old Jack in Kentucky, and the sire of as many other fine Jacks as any other breeder in the State. His colts are large with fine finish, and show for themselves what their sire is.

....PEDIGREE....

CLARK was sired by Evan's Spanish Giant, 16 hands high; he by Ben Johnson's Imported Spanish Jack. First dam by Imp. Spandilier. Second dam by Campbell's Jack, he by Velocipede. Third dam by Royal Duke. Fourth dam by Dave Knox' Jack.

CLARK will make the season of 1906 for Jennets only—at

$10 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT

At my barn at Willisburg, Ky.

Pasture furnished at $2 per month and must be paid when stock is taken away. Care taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility on my part should any occur. Lien retained on all colts until service fee is paid.

W. S. GIBBS,
Willisburg, Ky.

BUGGIES

HARNESS!
HARDWARE!

But it's buggies that we want to say a few words about. We just merely want to invite you in to see the handsomest line ever brought to Springfield

At Prices Low

enough to astonish the trade. We have a complete line of all kinds of vehicles.

—But if you want—

HARNESS

Cheap or Fine, Farm or Buggy Harness we can supply your wants at satisfactory prices.

WELLS BROTHERS.

SPRINGFIELD SUN

Wednesday, April 18, 1906.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION, - - ONE DOLLAR.
(In Advance.)

J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield, Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	$1.00
Six Months	.50
Three Months	.25

☞ In writing to have your address changed always give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce

HON. BEN JOHNSON,

of Nelson county, as a candidate for Congress in the Fourth Congressional district, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, Saturday June 2, 1906.

CIRCUIT COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce

ROBERT NOE

As a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

A few news papers are asserting that "The Clansman," which was played at Springfield, Mo., about six weeks ago, is responsible for the mobbing of three negroes in that city Saturday night. It is said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a strong factor in bringing about the Civil War, in which thousands and thousands of lives were sacrificed and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed. There are many people in the North and East who will tell you today that Mrs. Stowe's book is one of the grandest ever written, that the prints of inspiration and the hand of Providence are seen upon every page, and many of them yet insist that it should be read by each generation of children. "The Clansman" tells the other side of the story, and so long as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is kept alive in literature and upon the stage we believe it is right and just that "The Clansman" be treated in the same manner, though we can hardly see the necessity of the people giving so much attention to either of the books.

The following paragraph is from a speech delivered by President Roosevelt in Washington City last Saturday:

"As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as progressive tax on all fortunes, beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the national and not the State government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limitations."

This is a new doctrine that the President is preaching—after the fashion of an income tax; perhaps a little more radical. It may be a good one, it may be a bad one, but The Sun, unlike a great many Republicans throughout the country, believes Roosevelt is sincere. This new doctrine which the President is advocating will sound a little too much like "Bryanism" to suit the Republicans of the East, and it is almost certain that they will snort steam, look angry, and admit that they are sorry they contributed so much money—the people's money—to the election of a man who has an idea of his own.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist and revolutionist, who recently hit shore in America with several trunks, two poodles and a woman "not his'n," uses these inspiring words:

"Russia will be free. The time is fast approaching. Who can say when it will come? Between then and now hangs a black pall of human torture, awful suffering and cruel death. Twentieth century civilization is not for out of the night of barbarism. Life in Russia must be born of death. The laws of right and justice must be written from the red drippings of the sword. But Russia must be free."

These words are from an individual who deserted his wife and two children and "took up" with "she," who, diked in tights and a little ruffle around the waist, danced jigs in front of bald-headed rows. Maxim may be a big novelist, but he is a very little man—just about the size of Count Castellane of Gould fame.

Kentucky State Journal: Howard and Youtsey have shaken hands in the pen. Why not? It is now in order for them to get together and go carefully over the details of the assassination and how it was planned and how they carried it out and escaped hanging, says an exchange. The fact that Howard shook hands with Youtsey, who, he claims, swore his life away, is to our mind one of the strongest of the links that connect him with the assassination. If Youtsey swore to a lie and Howard is innocent not all the religious and Christian Endeavors on earth could make him so far forget his traducer as to cause him to recognize him in any way. There isn't the scintilla of a doubt that Howard fired the fatal shot or that Youtsey aided to that end.

"When Dowie reaches Chicago," said the people, "there is going to be a fight. And the wool will fly fast in Zion City, and there will be much shrieking and wailing and fleeing from the wrath to come, which is Dowie," but it didn't happened. Dowie went straightway to a room in a hotel in the city of Chicago and there he prayed and cussed and shook his fist at newspaper reporters. And we were much disappointed, all of us, because the aforesaid predicted fight did not even amount to so much as "heated arbitratin'."

That mob at Springfield, Mo., went very far beyond the bounds of "decent mob law." Gov. Folk is after 'em, and he'll get 'em if they don't watch out.

A CARD.

The produce question, which now seems to be troubling the minds of some of our merchants, as well as a few of the farmers, may be in need of more thorough explanation than has heretofore been given. In the first place I want to say to the public that my system for handling the produce of Washington county means better prices, uniform prices, equal rights to all men of whatever standing. It matters not whether you be posted on the market changes, you get the same prices for your produce as the man who is directly in touch with the market. This means protection to the widow and orphans—to the people who can't read, write or spell, or to those living in the out-of-way places. My sole ambition is to create for our county a market unequaled anywhere, and to advance the produce markets of the county. In view of my conviction, and on the basis of these facts, I mean to spare no pains to push this through and consider no opposition of any significance except that it serves to strengthen the already solid foundation upon which I am building. If I can not be of any benefit to the county in the way of the advancements of its business interests, and if I am unable to help the people to a higher plan, to a strictly honest and fair method of business in the produce line, I shall cease to be their representative, and will allow your interests to pass into the hands of its former managers, under the old system of low prices. I can not afford to represent a business that is not prosperous, or that can not carry with it the assurance of success, and the merchants who oppose my system, or who sit on the fence between the two propositions, I want to say that if you favor the old system and want your business to be handled by just anybody, and if you think the man to whom you sell your produce in order that you may enable him to maintain a rolling farmers' supply system is an advantage to your business, it would be wise that you suggest to him the plan of having smaller wagons and more of them to reach all the out-of-way places in order to accommodate the people with the goods, which remain on the shelves unsold. If this is your plan I would advise that you stop a moment to think what you are about to bring upon yourself. Surely, surely, no man of any business ability, or with any degree of interest in his future success, can maintain this position. Let me have your support.

Very truly,
M. H. JONES.

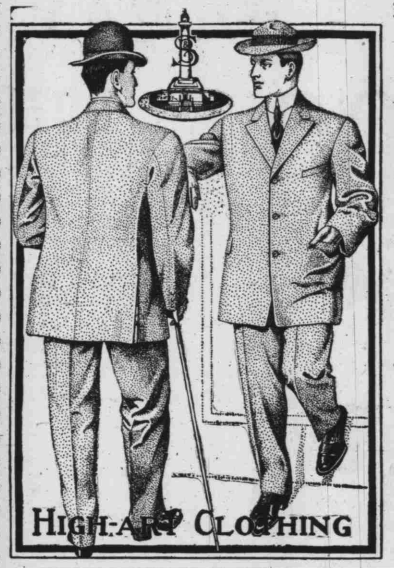
Trial Next Monday.

The trial of Dr. S. M. Crume, who is indicted in the Criminal Court of Jefferson county for malicious shooting, will be called next Monday. This will be the second trial, the last one resulting in a hung jury, the jury standing nine for acquital and three for a fine of $50. Hon. W. D. Claybrooke will go to Louisville Monday to assist in the defense.

Caught Cold while Hunting a Burglar.

Mr. Wm. Thos. Lanorgan provincial Constable at Chapleau, Ontario, says: "I caught a severe cold while hunting a burglar in the forest swamp last fall. Hearing of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I tried it, and after using two small bottles I was completely cured." This remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than by any other treatment and is a favorate whereever its superior excellence has become known. For sale by every dealer in Blue Grass.

"High Art" Clothing



Wear the Famous WALK-OVER Shoes

New Skirts Collars and Neckwear

New HATS Just Received

"HIGH-ART" Clothing is as Good in the little things as in the big things, so good indeed, that we warrant them uncoditionally. If anything should go wrong, look to us for its correction.

The fabrics are thoroughly tested by special processes of the maker, the cut is the latest and most approved, the workmanship and finish are as perfect as the best-paid, shilled craftsmen can make it.

You will derive the greatest satisfaction from wearing "HIGH-ART" Clothes, which "Look right when you buy them and stay right when you wear 'em." Sold only by

ROBERTSON BROS.

WILLISBURG.

Mrs. J. M. Trent has opened up a new line of millinery goods at this place.

W. L. Jenkins and family spent last Saturday at the home of J. A. Sims.

Mrs. A. B. Wells has returned home after a visit to her daughter in Louisville.

Miss Maybell Gibbs, who is attending school at Harrodsburg, visited her parents at this place a few days last week.

Mrs. W. W. Hyatt visited in Springfield last Saturday.

Dr. W. W. Hyatt was in Louisville last week on business.

Irvin Keene, colored, bought of W. S. Gibbs a mule for $115.

John Turner spent Sunday with his mother at this place.

Kent Rodgers and wife visited the latter's mother, Mrs. C. R. Cheatmam, last week.

A good many from this place attended church at Rockbridge Sunday morning.

Mrs. Sabe Cooksey spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Earnest Harlow.

Ben McIlvoy and family, of Sweet Retreat, visited his mother, Mrs. Mary McIlvey who is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

W. T. Well has returned home from Louisville where he has been purchasing his spring and summer goods.

Mrs. Florence Hays has returned home from her mother's at this place.

The State Evangelist preached here last Sunday afternoon.

JENSENTON.

Mr. George Cocanougher bought of Mr. Claude Key a cow.

Our new telephone at this place, we are glad to say, is progressing nicely.

Several from here attended the sale of Mrs. Polie Isham, April 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cocanougher, of near Enido, spent Friday night with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cocanougher, of this place.

Miss Sallie Young who has been sick, in much improved at this place.

Mrs. Lizzie Cocanougher spent Friday with Mrs. Claude Key, of Deep Creek.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Eliott, who has been very ill, is glad to be reported much better at this writing.

Brother Elex Spraggin preached at Beech grove Friday night; as it was a bad night, but few were out to hear him.

Police of Lagrange ordered to stop street "mashing."

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

HARDESTY.

As I have been absent from your columns for some time I will jot down a few items.

Misses Tavie and Bessie Goodlet, attended church at St. Rose Sunday.

Miss Grace Sutherland spent the latter part of last week with her consin, Ethel Gray.

Mr. Will Shirley and wife, of Willisburg, visited the latter's parents of this place.

Misses Martha and Ida Gray spent Thursday night with Miss Texie Barlow.

Mr. Mit Sales who has been quite ill for sometime, is better at this writing.

Miss Dessie Weekley, of Mooresville, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Ollie Parish, of near Polin.

Mrs. J. H. Gray and little daughter Ethel, and Grace Sutherland, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gray.

A Badly Burned Girl.

or boy, man or woman, is quickly out of pain if Bucklen's Arnica Salve is applied promptly. G. J. Welsh, of Tekonsha, Mich. says: "I use it in my family for cuts, sores and all skin injuries, and find it perfect." Quickest Pile cure known. Best healing salve made. 25c at C J. Haydon's drug store.

Sailor Hats

I have the prettiest line of sailor hats ever shown in Springfield---all the latest designs. I will be pleased to have the Ladies' of the town and county call to see this elegant line of hats now on display.

.MRS. WILLIAMS.

Local News Notes.

Fishing tackle at Johnson & McCabe's.

FOR RENT.—Flat over C.W. Hagan's grocery. Apply to C. W. Hagan.

BRICK! BRICK! If you want brick see W. P. Lawrence.

White wash brushes at Johnson & McCabe's.

For Sale—Church chandelier with six lights. In perfect order inquire of G. W. Lyons

WANTED.—100,000 pounds of wool. Will pay highest cash price.
W. S. GIBBS, Willisburg, Ky.

Mrs. Will Spalding died as her home at Bardstown last week.

Wanted, hams, bacons, etc. at Johnson & McCabe's.

"A Royal Slave," will be presented at the Opera House tomorrow evening.

The swellest line of clothing in town. See our ad in this issue.
Grundy & McIntire.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church realized $45 from their Easter sales on last Saturday.

Eight bars good laundry soap 25c. cash at Johnson & McCabe's

Rev. Williams, of the Baptist church, will deliver a temperance lecture at Texas next Wednesday evening.

Cracked eggs at Jones Poultry house at 10 cents per dozen.

The Sunday School Institute at the Baptist church will commence Friday night at 7:45. All interested in Sunday School work are urged to be present.

New beans, beets, lettuce, rhubarb, asparagus, etc. Friday eve at Johnson & McCabe's.

Tickets on sale at Red Cross Drug store. "A Royal Slave" at Opera House.

I have lost a Jersey cow medium size 8-year-old, yellow with dark face. Any one that will return her or write to me at Springfield, Ky., I will pay them a liberal reward. W. M. RYAN,

Just received a fine line of fresh candies at Johnson & McCabe's.

I will pay 18 cents per pound for hens. M. H. Jones.

Harry Blythe, of Lawrenceburg, has a cat which was jet black and turned snow white in a night. It climbed an electric light pole and is supposed to have received a shock.

Important Notice.—Are your chickens sick? R 4-11-44 not only keeps them healthy but makes them lay, ask your druggist for it. Price 50 cents at all drug stores.

Seed sweet potatoes of all kinds.
Johnson & McCabe.

Oldest mule in Kentucky, if not in the United States, owned by John Moberly, of Nelson county, died last week at the age of forty-one years.

EGGS! EGGS! EGGS!—A. C. Kimball has for sale White Wyandotts, White Plymoth Rocks and Single Comb Brown Leghorns eggs, from pure-bred stock, at 75 cents for 15. pd 21

Fresh spring vegeatables at Johnson & McCabe's.

Towns over the State have inaugurated "City Beautiful" movements. Good thing for ugly towns, and should be pushed along.

Rev. L. E. Campbell, assistant superintendent of the Bowling Green District of the Anti-Saloon League of Kentucky, is in town this afternoon looking after the interest of the work in this part of the State.

NOTICE, CHICKEN RAISERS.—R 4-11-44 is sold under a postive guarantee by your local druggist to cure Roupe, Cholera and Limberneck or your money will be refunded.

Easter services at the Presbyterian and Mechodist churches were unusually interesting. Both houses of worship were appropriately decorated and the special music for the occasion was unusually pleasing.

Fresh bread daily at Johnson & McCabe's.

The farmers meeting which was to have been held here last Saturday, was postponed till Monday, County Court day. The crowd in town last Saturday was rather small and it was thought best to hold the meeting when a good attendence could be counted upon.

NOTICE.—It is very neccessary that the estate of F. M. Campbell be settled as soon as possible. All persons indebted to the estate are requested to pay the same at once to the undersigned. THEO. C. CAMPBELL
Administrator of the estate of F. M. Campbell.

Fine country honey at Johnson & McCabe's.

S. M. Campbell reports Danville Court Monday, as being very dull, only a few cattle on the market, and those of inferior quality. He made the following sales: one pair aged mules $125, plug horses from $25 to $65. He also reports the sale of Mrs. Mary Isham on Tuesday, the 17th, near Pottsville, as being very well attended. Stock sold high, corn brought 44c. per bushel.

Seed potatoes and garden seed of all kinds at Johnson & McCabe's.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the city of Springfield, Ky., for business, professional, dog or other license tax are hereby notified that said license is now due and must be paid at once. All parties neglecting or refusing to pay said license will be proceeded against and provided by ordinance. Call on clerk and obtain license.
P. G. MCELROY,
Clerk City of Springfield, Ky.

In the Taylor Circuit Court at Campbellsville Wednesday a jury taken from Adair county, in the case of the Commonwealth against James Shipp for the killing of Joseph Smith in Campbellsville last December, after a deliberation of forty minutes, returned a verdict of guilty and fixed his punishment at life imprisonment in the penitentiary.

SUCCESSFUL.—Mr. A. W. Coyle, representing the Majestic Range Co., who spent last week here, exhibiting the Majestic Range at the hardware store of McElroy & Shultz, was more than pleased with his labors, having sold eleven ranges. It will be remembered that McElroy & Shultz used a half page advertisement in two issues of The Sun to advertise the event. Mr. McElroy informs The Sun that he received two telephone orders and two mail orders from parties who were unable to be present at the exhibit. Mr. Coyle is an excellent salesman, and when he is given the proper amount and the right kind of advertising, he never fails to make his exhibits a success.

BEG PARDON.—The Sun is continually getting in trouble with the McElroy boys out in Missouri, and its all our fault, too. Last week we printed a "down right falsehood" on Emmett McElroy. It will be remembered that we stated that he had been appointed on a Committee to make arrangements for ex-Kentuckians to attend the Home Coming in Kentucky next June. In making this statement we said that "All ex-Kentuckians in Kansas" etc., would attend. Mr. McElroy doesn't reside in Kansas, but he is a citizen of the grand old Commonwealth of Missouri, the "rendezvous" of 50,000 big-hearted Kentuckians. We beg pardon, Mr. McElroy. It's tough enough to be "OUT" of Kentucky, but it would be awful to be "IN" Kansas. Be it now, henceforth and forever, known that the McElroy brothers, formerly of Kentucky, are not residents of Kansas, where abideth grasshoppers, Carrienations, and varied whiskered fellow-citizens, but that they are Missourians, of Kansas City.

Mr. Simpson Roberts and son, Clifford, will leave in the morning for Clinton county, where they will be employed for some time surveying for a new railroad.

IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT

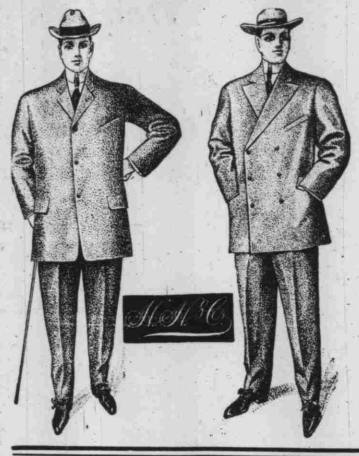
"Red Rock"

YOU ARE A BACK NUMBER.

"The Best Drink on the Market."
At Grocers, Drug Stores and Founts.

CARBONATED IN BOTTLES 5c BRICKEN BROS., CO. LEBANON, KY.

SOLOMON BROS. & LEMPERT CLOTHING



—CARRIED BY—

Grundy & McIntire,

Bear all the new and clever features that have been introduced as proper this spring. The smarty fashioned long

Single or Double-Breasted Coats With deep center Vests

in various models, built of superior quality pure Wool Fabrics in a vast range of attractive patterns and color effects. The most popular Worsted Cloths in the proper Grey shades are conspicnously shown. Suits of unusual merit and elegance equal to any $20 or $25 tailor made garment at

$15 and $18.

...FOR THE BOYS...

We have the nobbiest line of Suits for Boys and Children from four to sixteen years, we have ever carried and the new greys are also conspicuously shown in this line.

PRICE 75 CENTS TO $7.50.

But we direct your special attention to our $3.50 and $5.00 Suits for boys. We have studied their wants for years and we have just the sort of clothes that boys want. All the correct fashion features await your inspection.

New Wash Waists

75 cents to $9.00

It is useless for us to try to convey to you an idea of the magnitude and beauty of our popular Waists. You must see the stock yourself. We have every desirable kind of Lawn, Lingerie, Japanese Silk, Lace, Net and Taffeta Waists, in cream, white, black and evening shades. No matter what you pay, the value will be the best. Money back if unsatisfied.

GRUNDY & McINTIRE, - - Springfield, Ky.

Play Ball.

Master Stith Noe sends the following to the Sun. The Springfield base ball team will play at Virginia Avenue, the first pretty day. Those who will play are, Orry McClure, pitch, Bobby Shultz catch, Stith T. Noe, first base, Sam Grundy Mayes, second base, Charles Scruggs, short stop, Ben Kelly, third base, John A. Tong fielder, Hamilton Barber, right fielder, Herbert Young, left fielder, Robert McElroy center fielder and Ray Thurman umpire.

We are now ready to meet Prof. Colvin and Charlie Noe. This team represents the third grade.

Four men have been arrested at Springfield, Mo., charged with being leaders in the mob that broke into the county jail last Saturday night and lynched three negroes. The arrival of the State militia has had the effect of calming the popular excitement. A special grand jury will be convened today and will enter upon an investigation of the lynching. An Assistant Attorney General, sent by Gov. Folk, will aid the Springfield officials in the prosecution.

A Powerful Plea.

Friday afternoon a 12-year old boy left school and in company with a boy of about the same age, and another aged seven years, went to a home in city. The man and wife were away, but neighbors noticed the boys playing about the house and thought nothing of it until they saw the two older boys trying to take the child down town. Thinking the little fellow was ill they went to his assistance and found he was thoroughly intoxicated. He said the older boys had given him the whiskey. As the child was too drunk to walk he was carried into a neighbor,s and Chief Smith telephoned for. One of the boys ran home, and the other locked himself in the house and defied the officer, who had to threaten to break the door in before he would unlock it. At first he denied having the whiskey, but later said he had found it in the house. As the child was in a drunken stupor, Mr. Smith hauled him home. Several things of the sort that have happened here recently are a powerful and pitiful plea for local option.—Mrs. Q. in Harrodsburg Herald.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. Charley Greene, spent several days in Louisville last week.

—Mr. H. R. Shader was at home for a few days, last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Colvin spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Louisville.

—Mr. Lyman Barber, was in Louisville one day last week.

—Dr. J. C. Mudd, was in Louisville a few days last week on business.

—Mrs. C. R. McElroy, visited friends in Louisville last week.

—Mrs. Lizzie McDowell, of Danville, visited friends here Friday.

—Miss Mary Hunley, of Huber station, is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Leachman at this place.

—Mrs. Alfred Dahoney, of Lebanon, spent Saturday at this qlace.

—Mr. Lewis Kelley, who attends school at St. Marys, is at home to spend the Easter holidays with his mother at this place.

—Miss Jennie Redding, spent the Easter holidays with her sister, Mrs. John Brown, of Lebanon.

—Mrs. Leo Haydon and little son, Leo, are visiting her parents in Bardstown this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Montgomery visited their parents at St. Marys, Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Mattingly and little daughter, Cynthia, of Lebanon, spent Sunday with relatives here.

—Messrs. Logan Bosley and Bob Bland, were here Saturday on business.

—Mr. George Medley, who has been in Owensboro for several months, is at home for a few days.

—Mr. Elmer Walker, of McIntire, spent several days in Louisville last week.

—Miss May Cambron, of this place, spent Easter with her mother, Mrs. Horace Cambron, of Fredericktown.

—Miss Nellie Greene, who attends school at Nazareth, spent Eater at home, and will return to school in the morning.

—Mr. Charley Thompson, of Louisville, visited at the home of Mrs. Harriet Montgomery last week.

—Misses Piety, Marie and Louise Barber spent several days with friends here last week.

Miss Ella Hagan, of Falrfield, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. C. McGill, and aunt, Mrs. Eliza Cain.

—Drs. Deits and Shaunty were in Springfield Monday on business.

—Dr. W. W. Ray, of Lebanon, was here Tuesday on business.

—Mrs. John Clements and sister, Miss May Mulvey, of Lebanon, were here shopping Tuesday.

The closing exercises of the colored public school will be conducted at the Opera House in Springfield Friday and Saturday of this week.

—Mrs. J. B. Robards, has returned home after a few days stay in Harrodsburg.

—Hon. and Mrs. C. C. McChord, who have been spending the winter in Frankfort, are at home.

—Mr. J. D. Turner, of Lexington, was a guest at the home of Mr. J. R. Claybrooke, near town, last Sunday.

—Mr. Coffey, who has been identified with the harness factory here for some time, left with his family this week for Somerset, where he is employed.

—Mr. Rice, who has rented the new hotel of Tobin & Boblit, arrived yesterday with his family, and will, in a few days, be ready for business.

—Mr. Lum Abel and family will leave this week for Lebanon, where Mr. Abel is employed.

—Mr. Harry O'Nan, who has been in Louisville for several months, spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. O'Nan, of this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Spalding and children, of Bardstown, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Haydon, at this place.

—Mrs. Joe Spalding and children, of Greensburg, are spending the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Shader, at this place.

—Miss Louise Hamilton, who attends school St. Catherine's, visited her sister, Mrs. J. L. Barber, last week.

—Little Margaret Haydon entertained a few of her friends at six-o'clock dinner Monday. Those present were Margaret Edelen, Margaret and Ellen Simms, Mary and Catherine Spalding, of Bardstown.

—Prof. and Mrs. Colvin, Misses Mary Lampton, Mary Haydon, Lizzie Waters, Sallie McElroy and Annie McChord, Theo Campbell, Will Waters and Lyman Barber were in Louisville last week attending the Grand Opera.

Leachman-Edelen.

This (Wednesday) afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock, April 18, 1906, Mr. William Thomas Leachman and Miss Anna Florence Edelen were united in marriage at St. Rose, Rev. Fr. Vallely, officiating. The wedding was a pretty one, and the ceremony was beautifully said which united together the lives and destinies of these, two of Springfield's most highly honored young people.

The groom is one of the town's promising young business men, being the proprietor of an up-to date gents furnishing store. He is accommodating and genteel and has many friends who extend to him best wishes for a married life of unalloyed happiness. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Edelen, of near town, is one the county's most popular young woman. She possesses a genial disposition—a very lovable nature—and by reason of these characteristics she has endeared herself to a host of people.

The Sun, together with their hundreds of friends, extends congratulations, and records a hope that they will ever find the heaven above life's broad sea as bright as it is upon this, their wedding day, and that throughout the voyage there will be naught but gladness and that each at the anchoring haven may declare to the other: "The voyage has been made through a trail of light."

Mr. L. B. Cain was best man, and Miss Pearl Edelen, sister of the bride, was the bride's maid. Mr. James C. Clements, T. Irvine McElroy, Wathen Simms and Arthur Mudd were the ushers. Miss Katie Cain presided at the organ, and as the bridal party entered the church Miss Willie Knott sang: "I Promise Thee."

Beverly of Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON,
Author of "Graustark"

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"Do we not look like honest men?" he cried, with a wave of his hand toward his companions. Beverly looked dubious. "We live the good, clean life of the wilderness. Outdoor life is necessary for our health. We could not live in the city," he went on, with grim humor. For the first time Beverly noticed that he wore a huge black patch over his left eye, held in place by a cord. He appeared more formidable than ever under the light of critical inspection.

"I am very much relieved," said Beverly, who was not at all relieved. "But why have you stopped us in this manner?"

"Stopped you?" cried the man with the patch. "I implore you to unsay that, your highness. Your coach was quite at a standstill before we knew of its presence. You do us a grave injustice."

"It's very strange," muttered Beverly, somewhat taken aback.

"Have you observed that it is quite dark?" asked the leader, putting away his brief show of indignation.

"Dear me; so it is!" cried she, now able to think more clearly.

"And you are miles from an inn or house of any kind," he went on. "Do you expect to stay here all night?"

"I'm—I'm not afraid," bravely shivered Beverly.

"It is most dangerous."

"I have a revolver," the weak little voice went on.

"Oho! What is it for?"

"To use in case of emergency."

"Such as repelling brigands who suddenly appear upon the scene?"

"Yes."

"May I ask why you did not use it this evening?"

"Because it is locked up in one of my bags—I don't know just which one—and Aunt Fanny has the key," confessed Beverly.

The chief of the "honest men" laughed again, a clear, ringing laugh that bespoke supreme confidence in his right to enjoy himself.

"And who is Aunt Fanny?" he asked, covering his patch carefully with his slouching hat.

"My servant. She's colored."

"Colored?" he asked in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Why, she's a negress. Don't you know what a colored person is?"

"You mean she is a slave—a black slave?"

"We don't own slaves any mo'—more." He looked more puzzled than ever—then at last, to satisfy himself, walked over and peered into the coach. Aunt Fanny set up a dismal howl. An instant later Sir Honesty was pushed aside, and Miss Calhoun was anxiously trying to comfort her old friend through the window. The man looked on in silent wonder for a minute and then strode off to where a group of his men stood talking.

"Is yo' daid yit, Miss Bev'ly—is de end came?" moaned Aunt Fanny. Beverly could not repress a smile.

"I am quite alive, auntie. These men will not hurt us. They are very nice gentlemen." She uttered the last observation in a loud voice, and it had its effect, for the leader came to her side with long strides.

"Convince your servant that we mean no harm, your highness," he said eagerly, a new deference in his voice and manner. "We have only the best of motives in mind. True, the hills are full of lawless fellows, and we are obliged to fight them almost daily, but you have fallen in with honest men—very nice gentlemen, I trust. Less than an hour ago we put a band of robbers to flight"—

"I heard the shooting," cried Beverly. "It was that which put my escort to flight."

"They could not have been soldiers of Graustark, then, your highness," quite gallantly.

"They were Cossacks, or whatever you call them. But, pray, why do you call me 'your highness?'" demanded Beverly. The tall leader swept the ground with his hat once more.

"All the outside world knows the Princess Yetive—why not the humble mountain man? You will pardon me, but every man in the hills knows that you are to pass through on the way from St. Petersburg to Ganlook. We are not so far from the world, after all, we rough people of the hills. We know that your highness left St. Petersburg by rail last Sunday and took to the highway day before yesterday because the floods had washed away the bridges north of Axphain. Even the hills have eyes and ears."

Beverly listened with increasing perplexity. It was true that she had left St. Petersburg on Sunday; that the unprecedented floods had stopped all railway traffic in the hills, compelling her to travel for many miles by stage, and that the whole country was confusing her in some strange way with the Princess Yetive. The news had evidently sped through Axphain and the hills with the swiftness of fire. It would be useless to deny the story; these men would not believe her. In a flash she decided that it would be best to pose for the time being as the ruler of Graustark. It remained only for her to impress upon Aunt Fanny the importance of this resolution.

"What wise old hills they must be," she said, with evasive enthusiasm. "You cannot expect me to admit, however, that I am the princess," she went on.

"It would not be just to your excellent reputation for tact if you did so, your highness," calmly spoke the man. "It is quite as easy to say that you are not the princess as to say that you are, so what matters, after all? We reserve the right, however, to do homage to the queen who rules over these wise old hills. I offer you the humble services of myself and my companions. We are yours to command."

"I am very grateful to find that you are not brigands, believe me," said Beverly. "Pray tell me who you are, then, and you shall be sufficiently rewarded for your good intentions."

"I? Oh, your highness, I am Baldos, the goat hunter, a poor subject for reward at your hands. I may as well admit that I am a poacher and have no legal right to the prosperity of your hills. The only reward I can ask is forgiveness for trespassing upon the property of others."

"You shall receive pardon for all transgressions, but you must get me to some place of safety," said Beverly eagerly.

"And quickly, too, you might well have added," he said lightly. "The horses have rested, I think, so with your permission we may proceed. I know of a place where you may spend the night comfortably and be refreshed for the rough journey tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? How can I go on? I am alone!" she cried despairingly.

"Permit me to remind you that you are no longer alone. You have a ragged following, your highness, but it shall be a loyal one. Will you re-enter the coach? It is not far to the place I speak of, and I myself will drive you there. Come, it is getting late, and your retinue, at least, is hungry."

He flung open the coach door, and his hat swept the ground once more. The light of a lantern played fitfully upon his dark, gaunt face, with its gallant smile and ominous patch. She hesitated, fear entering her soul once more. He looked up quickly and saw the indecision in her eyes, the mute appeal.

"Trust me, your highness," he said gravely, and she allowed him to hand her into the coach.

A moment later he was upon the driver's box, reins in hand. Calling out to his companions in a language strange to Beverly, he cracked the whip, and once more they were lumbering over the wretched road. Beverly sank back into the seat with a deep sigh of resignation.

"Well, I'm in for it," she thought. "It doesn't matter whether they are thieves or angels, I reckon I'll have to take what comes. He doesn't look very much like an angel, but he looked at me just now as if he thought I were one. Dear me, I wish I were back in Washin'ton!"

CHAPTER V.

TWO of the men walked close beside the door, one of them bearing a lantern. They conversed in low tones and in a language which Beverly could not understand. After awhile she found herself analyzing the garb and manner of the men. She was saying to herself that here were her first real specimens of Graustark peasantry, and they were to mark an ineffaceable spot in her memory. They were dark, strong faced men of medium height, with fierce black eyes and long black hair. As no two were dressed alike, it was impossible to recognize characteristic styles of attire. Some were in the rude, baggy costumes of the peasant as she had imagined him; others were dressed in the tight fitting but dilapidated uniforms of the soldiery, while several were in clothes partly European and partly oriental. There were hats and fezzes and caps, some with feathers in the bands, others without. The man nearest the coach wore the dirty gray uniform of an army officer, full of holes and rents, while another strode along in a pair of baggy yellow trousers and a dusty London dinner jacket. All in all, it was the motliest band of vagabonds she had ever seen. There were at least ten or a dozen in the party. While a few carried swords, all lugged the long rifles and crooked daggers of the Tartars.

"Aunt Fanny," Beverly whispered, suddenly moving to the side of the subdued servant, "where is my revolver?" It had come to her like a flash that a subsequent emergency should not find her unprepared. Aunt Fanny's jaw dropped, and her eyes were like white rings in a black screen.

"Good Lawd, wha—what fo', Miss Bev'ly"—

"Sh! Don't call me Miss Bev'ly. Now, just you pay 'tention to me, and I'll tell you something queer. Get my revolver right away and don't let those men see what you are doing." While Aunt Fanny's trembling fingers went in search of the firearm, Beverly outlined the situation briefly, but explicitly. The old woman was not slow to understand. Her wits sharpened by fear, she grasped Beverly's instructions with astonishing avidity.

"Ye'y well, yo' highness," she said.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Washington Circuit Court, Ky.

S. P. Thompson, Admr., etc., Plaintiff, vs. H. K. Goodlett, Defendant.—Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court rendered at the February term, 1906, in the above styled cause, for the sum of $150, with interest at the rate of six per centum per annum from the 28 day of December, 1906, until paid, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court House door in Springfield, Ky., on

MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1906,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout—being County Court day—to the highest and best bidder, at public auction, upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made.

A tract of land on Long Lick creek, in Washington county, Ky., bounded: Beginning at a stone on bank of said creek, corner to Gray, thence down said creek 22.60 poles to a stone corner to Sleet Chessir, thence with Chessir's line S. 55¾, E. 31.40 poles to stone, thence S. 58, E. 10¼ poles to stone, thence N. 83, E. 27 poles to stone, thence N. 80½, E. 8 4-5 poles to stone, thence N. 10½, E. 36 1-5 poles to stone, thence N. 57, E. 9.4 poles to beginning. Containing 6⅔ acres.

Amount to be raised - - - $210.45.

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security or sureties, must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Washington Circuit Court, Ky.

W. H. Riker, etc., Plaintiff, vs. T. H. Royalty, etc., Defendant.—Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of the Washington Circuit Court rendered at the October term, 1905, in the above styled cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court House door in Springfield, Ky., on

MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1906,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout—being County Court day—to the highest and best bidder, at public auction, upon a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, the following described property, to-wit, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made.

A tract of land on the Bloomfield and Harrodsburg turnpike bounded on the North by said turnpike, on the East by the lands of C. C. Durr, on Southeast by lands of C. C. Durr and S. C. Shirley, on Southwest by lands of Jerome Shirley and Richard Leonard, and on North by Paralee Sanders. Containing 65 acres and 21 roods.

Amount to be raised	$1,347.55
Cost	43.20
	$1,390.75

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security or sureties, must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Washington Circuit Court, Ky.

Mrs. Lulie Kelly, Exutrix, etc., of the will of J. W. Kelly, Plaintiff, vs. C. B. Mudd, etc., Defendant.—Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court rendered at the February term, 1906, in the above styled cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court House door in Springfield, Ky., on

MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1906,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout—being County Court day—to the highest and best bidder, at public auction, upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made.

A tract of land in Washington county, Ky., and situated on the Bloomfield turnpike and the railroad, about one mile North of Springfield, Ky., and is bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in the Eastern edge of the right of way of the railroad, 50 feet east of the center of the line thereof, on the continuation of the old fence row, thence N. 88¾ E. 77 poles and 10 links with the old fence row in Mullican's line to a stone in same, N. 17 E. 26 and 10 links with Mullicans line, thence to a walnut corner to James Shea, in Mullican's line, thence with Shea's line N. 82 W. 70 poles and 10 links to corner to toll gate lot, thence S. 86½ W. to the center of the Bloomfield and Springfield turnpike, thence with the center of said turnpike N. 10 W. 12 to the bridge east fork of Road Run, thence N. 86 W. 10 poles to the eastern edge of right away, 50 feet center line thereof, thence to the beginning. Containing——acres.

Two notes and interest	$1,260.05
Costs	61.75
Total amount to be raised	$1,321.80

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers with approved security or sureties must execute bonds bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid and have the force and effect of a judgement. Lien is retained on land for which bonds are executed. Bidders will be required to comply promptly with these terms.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

Prof. John R. Hagan, principal of the only colored school in Knott county, has been adjudged insane.

Dr. W. F. Trusty,

Practical

Dentist,

SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.

Office over Haydon & Barber.

Dr. J. M. Burton,

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, - - Ky.

Office in Hagan Block, up stairs.

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Life, Fire and Accident.

Old Massachusetts Mutual, always reliable and the best dividend-paying company in the world. Your insurance solicited.

DR. J. H. LAMPTON. DR. J. C. MUDD.

LAMPTON & MUDD.

SPRINGFIELD. - - KENTUCKY.

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Dr. J. H. Hopper,

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

Office in Hagan Block—Up stairs.

Phones: Residence, 71; office, 97.

MISS ELLA ADAMS.

NURSE

TELEPHONES:

Day, 49. Night, 109.

T. SCOTT MAYES,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties, in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

C. C. McCHORD,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.

W. D. CLAYBROOKE,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the courts of Appeals.

W. E. SELECMAN,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in court of Appeals.

MARSHALL DUNCAN,

—LAWYER—

Springfield, - - Ky.

Office in Robertson Building.

Will practice in the Courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

S. M. CAMPBELL,

AUCTIONEER,

Springfield, Ky.

Crying of public sales a specialty. "Will go anywhere." Terms reasonable. 'Phone 84.

USE MARKS & STIX CINCINNATI

Boots—Shoes—Rubbers

Cost Least—Wear Best.

Salesman, - - - E. C. BOGGS.

CLUBBING RATES

—WITH—

LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year	$5 00
The Sun and the Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday)	6 40
Same including Sunday	8 20
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week	3 70
The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months	2 30
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year	2 80
The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year	3 00
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year	4 00

WASHINGTON COUNTY BUSINESS DIRECTORY

WHEN YOU WANT TO MAKE A PURCHASE, MAKE IT AT HOME; when you want to have a job of work done, have it done at home. If you go away from home to buy, or if you go away from home to have work done, nine times out of ten you hurt yourself worse than you do the home merchant or the home mechanic. At home the merchant knows you and will not misrepresent his goods to you, he has known you for years, he is your friend, he doesn't want to cheat you, he doesn't want your money for nothing. If you have ever bought anything from a mail-order house doubtless you can remember of having received different treatment. Their propositions look nice in print, but don't "come up." Pay your money "out" at home and it may "come back" again, but send it to one of the big mail order houses and it will buy 25-cent cigars for some millionaire in a European home. The Sun begs to call the attention of its subscribers to the following businesses, conducted in Springfield and Washington county by honest and honorable men. When you want to make a purchase look over this list and select your store. You will be tickled when you compare your purchase with that of the man who bought from the big mail-order house. TRY YOUR HOME MERCHANT FIRST; THAT WILL BE TREATING HIM FAIR.

HAYDON & BARBER,
Dealers In
Groceries, Hardware, Harness, Etc.

HAGAN BROTHERS,
Dealers In
Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Etc

George B. Taylor,
General Repair Shop. Umbrella Re-covering a Specialty.

T. Irvine McElroy,
Dealer In
Fancy Groceries and Produce.

Conrad Hertlein,
Baker and Confectioner. The Best Meals Served

Red Cross Drug Store,
Drugs Stationary and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions A Specialty.

C. J. Haydon,
Druggist and Pharmacist. Paints Oils, Varnish, Toilet Articles.

ROBERTSON BROS.,
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C. W. Hagan,
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Groceries, Vegetables, Ice, Beer, Etc.

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James J. Graves,
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Grundy, Claybrooke & McIntire,
Dealers In
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McElroy & Shultz,
Dealers In
Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Etc.

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Jeweler. Fine line Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.

L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield	8:25 p. m.	12:40 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown	7:35 "	11:00 a. m.	5:52 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junct'n	6:50 "	9:30 "	5:02 "
Leaves Louisville	6:00 "	7:30 "	4:10 "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44
Leaves Springfield	5:25 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown	6:17 "	8:00 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junct'n	7:03 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville	7:55 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

THE SUN AND

	Both papers 1 yr
Bryan's Commoner	$1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal	1.50
Weekly Louisville Herald	1.25
Nashville American	1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer	1.75
Weekly Atlanta Constitution	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Republic	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Globe Democrat	1.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World	1.75
Home and Farm	1.25
American Agriculturist	1.75
American Epitomist	1.50
American Farmer	1.50
Breeders' Gazette	2.25
Country Gentleman	2.00
Farm and Fireside	1.35
Farm, Field and Fireside	1.75
Review of Reviews	3.25
Lippincott's Magazine	2.85
Scribner's Magazine	4.00
Ledger Monthly	1.75
Harper's Magazine	4.35
Harper's Weekly	4.35
Sunny South	1.50

—THE—

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ADOLPH ZANNZINGER,

17 The deaf and dum shoemaker.

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BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, Author of "Graustark"

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with fine reverence, "I'll p'ocure de bottle o' pepp'mint fo' yo' if yo' jes' don' mine de pullin' an' haulin' 'mongst dese boxes. Mebbe yo' all 'druther hab de gingeh?" With this wonderful subterfuge as a shield she dug slyly into one of the bags and pulled forth a revolver. Under ordinary circumstances she would have been mortally afraid to touch it, but not so in this emergency. Beverly shoved the weapon into the pocket of her gray traveling jacket.

"I feel much better now, Aunt Fanny," she said, and Aunt Fanny gave a vast chuckle.

"Yaas, ma'am, indeed—yo' highness," she agreed suavely.

The coach rolled along for half an hour and then stopped with a sudden jolt. An instant later the tall driver appeared at the window, his head uncovered. A man hard by held a lantern.

"Qua vandos ar deltanet, yos sereut," said the leader, showing his white teeth in a triumphant smile. His exposed eye seemed to be glowing with pleasure and excitement.

"What?" murmured Beverly hopelessly. A puzzled expression came into his face; then his smile deepened and his eye took on a knowing gleam.

"Ah, I see," he said gayly, "your highness prefers not to speak the language of Graustark. Is it necessary for me to repeat in English?"

"I really wish you would," said Beverly, catching her breath. "Just to see how it sounds, you know."

"Your every wish shall be gratified. I beg to inform you that we have reached the Inn of the Hawk and Raven. This is where we dwell last night. Tomorrow we, too, abandon the place, so our fortunes may run together for some hours at least. There is but little to offer you in the way of nourishment, and there is none of the comforts of a palace. Yet princesses can no more be choosers than beggars when the fare's in one pot. Come, your highness, let me conduct you to the guest chamber of the Inn of the Hawk and Raven."

Beverly took his hand and stepped to the ground, looking about in wonder and perplexity.

"I see no inn," she murmured apprehensively.

"Look aloft, your highness. That great black canopy is the roof; we are standing upon the floor, and the dark shadows just beyond the circle of light are the walls of the Hawk and Raven. This is the largest tavern in all Graustark. Its dimensions are as wide as the world itself."

"You mean that there is no inn at all?" the girl cried in dismay.

"Alas, I must confess it. And yet there is shelter here. Come with me. Let your servant follow." He took her by the hand and led her away from the coach, a ragged lantern bearer preceding. Beverly's little right hand was rigidly clutching the revolver in her pocket. It was a capacious pocket, and the muzzle of the weapon bored defiantly into a tinful powder flag that lay on the bottom. The little leather purse from which it escaped had its silver lips opened as if in a broad grin of derision, reveling in the plight of the chamois. The guide's hand was at once firm and gentle, his stride bold, yet easy. His rakish hat, with its aggressive red feather, towered a full head above Beverly's Parisian violets.

"Have you no home at all—no house in which to sleep?" Beverly asked.

"I live in a castle of air," said he, waving his hand carelessly. "If I sleep in the house of my fathers—"

"You poor fellow," cried Beverly pityingly. He laughed and absently patted the hilt of his sword.

She heard the men behind them turning the coach into the glen through which they walked carefully. Her feet fell upon a soft, grassy sward, and the clatter of stones was now no longer heard. They were among the shadowy trees, gaunt trunks of enormous size looming up in the light of the lanterns. Unconsciously her thoughts went over to the forest of Arden and the woodland home of Rosalind, as she had imagined it to be. Soon there came to her ears the swish of waters, as of some turbulent river hurrying by. Instinctively she drew back, and her eyes were set with alarm upon the black wall of night ahead. Yetive had spoken more than once of this wilderness. Many an unlucky traveler had been lost forever in its fastnesses.

"It is the river, your highness. There is no danger. I will not lead you into it," he said, a trifle roughly. "We are low in the valley, and there are marshes yonder when the river is in its natural bed. The floods have covered the low grounds, and there is a torrent coming down from the hills. Here we are, your highness. This is the Inn of the Hawk and Raven."

He bowed and pointed with his hat to the smoldering fire a short distance ahead. They had turned a bend in the overhanging cliff and were very close to the retreat before she saw the glow.

The fire was in the open air and directly in front of a deep cleft in the rocky background. Judging by the sound the river could not be more than 200 feet away. Men came up with lanterns and others piled brush upon the fire. In a very short time the glen was weirdly illuminated by the dancing flames. From her seat on the huge log Beverly was thus enabled to survey a portion of her surroundings. The overhanging ledge of rock formed a wide, deep canopy, underneath which was perfect shelter. The floor seemed to be rich, grassless loam, and here and there were pallets of long grass, evidently the couches of these homeless men. All about were huge trees, and in the direction of the river the grass grew higher and then gave place to reeds. The foliage above was so dense that the moon and stars were invisible. There was a deathly stillness in the air. The very loneliness was so appalling that Beverly's poor little heart was in a quiver of dread. Aunt Fanny, who sat near by, had not spoken since leaving the coach, but her eyes were expressively active.

The tall leader stood near the fire conversing with half a dozen of his followers. Miss Calhoun's eyes finally rested upon this central figure in the strange picture. He was attired in a dark gray uniform that reminded her oddly of the dragoon choruses in the comic operas at home. The garments, while torn and soiled, were well fitting. His shoulders were broad and square, his hips narrow, his legs long and straight. There was an air of impudent grace about him that went well with his life and profession.

Surely here was a peerless free lance upon whom life weighed lightly, while death "stood afar off" and despaired. The light of the fire brought his gleaming face into bold relief, for his hat was off. Black and thick was his hair, rumpled and apparently uncared for. The face was lean, smooth and strong. The well-defined mouth curved at the corners of the mouth. Beverly found herself commenting the fact that such an interesting face should be marred by an ugly black patch, covering she knew not what manner of defect. As for the rest of them, they were a grim company, unkempt, unshaven and beardless, others were old and grizzly, but all were active, alert and strong. The leader appeared to be the only one in the party who could speak and understand the English language. As Beverly sat and watched his virile, mocking face and studied his graceful movements she found herself wondering how an ignorant, homeless wanderer in the hills could be so poetic and so cultured as this fellow seemed to be.

Three or four men, who were unmistakably of a lower order than their companions, set about preparing a supper. Others unhitched the tired horses and led them off toward the river. Two dashing young fellows carried the seat cushions under the rocky canopy and constructed an elaborate couch for the "princess." The chief, with his own hands, soon began the construction of a small chamber in this particular corner of the cave near the opening. The walls of the chamber were formed of carriage robes and blankets, cloaks and oak branches.

"The guest chamber, your highness," he said, approaching her with a smile at the completion of his work.

"It has been most interesting to watch you," she said, rising.

"And it has been a delight to interest you," he responded. "You will find seclusion there, and you need see none of us until it pleases you."

She looked him fairly in the eye for a moment and then impulsively extended her hand. He clasped it warmly, but not without some show of surprise.

"I am trusting you implicitly," she said.

"The knave is glorified," was his simple rejoinder. He conducted her to the improvised bedchamber, Aunt Fanny following with loyal but uncertain tread. "I regret, your highness, that the conveniences are so few. We have no landlady except Mother Earth, no waiters, no porters, no maids. In the Inn of the Hawk and Raven. This being a men's hotel, the baths are on the river front. I am having water brought to your apartments, however, but it is with deepest shame and sorrow that I confess we have no towels."

She laughed so heartily that his face brightened perceptibly, while the faces of his men turned in their direction as though by concert.

"It is a typical mountain resort, then," she said. "I think I can manage very well if you will fetch my bags to my room, sir."

"By the way, will you have dinner served in your room?" very good humorously.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to eat in the public dining room," said she. A few minutes later Beverly was sitting upon one of her small trunks, and Aunt Fanny was laboriously brushing her dark hair.

"It's very jolly being a princess," murmured Miss Calhoun. She had bathed her face in one of the leather buckets from the coach, and the dust of the road had been brushed away by the vigorous Yetive in waiting.

"Yaas, ma'am, Miss—yo' highness, hit's monstrous fine fo' yo', but whar is Ah goin' to sleep? Out yondah wif all dose scalawags?" said Aunt Fanny rebelliously.

"You shall have a bed in here, Aunt Fanny," said Beverly.

"Dey's de queerest lot o' tramps Ah eveh did see, ah' Ah wouldn' trust 'em as fer as Ah could heave a brick house."

"But the leader is such a very courteous gentleman," remonstrated Beverly.

"Yaas, ma'am; he 'spose came f'm Gawgia or Kalntuck," was Aunt Fanny's sincere compliment.

The pseudo princess dined with the vagabonds that night. She sat on the log beside the tall leader and ate heartily of the broth and broiled goat meat, the grapes and the nuts, and drank of the spring water, which took the place of wine and coffee and cordial. It was a strange supper amid strange environments, but she enjoyed it as she had never before enjoyed a meal. The air was full of romance and danger, and her imagination was enthralled. Everything was so new and unreal that she scarcely could believe herself awake. The world seemed to have gone back to the days of Robin Hood and his merry men.

"You fare well at the Inn of the Hawk and Raven," she said to him, her voice tremulous with excitement. He looked mournfully at her for a moment and then smiled naively.

"It is the first wholesome meal we have had in two days," he replied.

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes. We were lucky with the guns today. Fate was kind to us—and to you, for we are better prepared to entertain royalty today than at any time since I have been in the hills of Graustark."

"Then you have not always lived in Graustark?"

"Alas, no, your highness. I have lived elsewhere."

"But you were born in the principality?"

"I am a subject of its princess in heart from this day forth, but not by birth or condition. I am a native of the vast domain known to a few of us as Circumstance," and he smiled rather recklessly.

"You are a poet, a delicious poet," cried Beverly, forgetting herself in her enthusiasm.

"Perhaps that is why I am hungry and unshorn. It had not occurred to me in that light. When you are ready to retire, your highness," he said, abruptly rising, "we shall be pleased to consider the Inn of the Hawk and Raven closed for the night. Having feasted well, we should sleep well. We have a hard day before us. With your consent, I shall place my couch of grass near your door. I am the porter. You have but to call if anything is desired."

She was tired, but she would have sat up all night rather than miss any of the strange romance that had been thrust upon her. But Sir Redfeather's suggestion savored of a command, and she reluctantly made her way to the flapping blanket that marked the entrance to the bedchamber. He drew the curtain aside, swung his hat low and muttered a soft good night.

"May your highness' dreams be pleasant ones!" he said.

"Thank you," said she, and the curtain dropped impertinently. "That was very cool of him, I must say," she added as she looked at the wavering door.

When she went to sleep she never knew. She was certain that her eyes were rebellious for a long time and that she wondered how her gray dress would look after she had slept in it all night. She heard low singing as if in the distance, but after awhile the stillness became so intense that its pressure almost disturbed her. The rush of the river grew louder and louder, and there was a swishing sound that died in her ears almost as she wondered what it meant. Her last waking thoughts were of the "black patch" poet. Was he lying near the door?

She was awakened in the middle of the night by the violent flapping of her chamber window. Startled, she sat bolt upright and strained her eyes to pierce the mysterious darkness. Aunt Fanny, on her bed of grass, stirred convulsively, but did not awake. The blackness of the strange chamber was broken ever and anon by faint flashes of light from without, and she lived through long minutes of terror before it dawned upon her that a thunderstorm was brewing. The wind was rising, and the night seemed agog with excitement. Beverly crept from her couch and felt her way to the fluttering doorway. Drawing aside the blanket, she peered forth into the night, her heart jumping with terror. Her lightness was very much afraid of thunder and lightning.

The fire in the open had died down until naught remained but a few glowing embers. These were blown into brilliancy by the wind, casting a steady red light over the scene. There was but one human figure in sight. Beside the fire stood the tall wanderer. He was latless and coatless, and his arms were folded across his chest. Seemingly oblivious to the rapid approach of the storm he stood staring into the heap of ashes at his feet. His face was toward her, every feature plainly distinguishable in the faint glow from the fire. To her amazement the black patch was missing from his eye, and, what surprised her most to the point of exclaiming aloud, there appeared to be absolutely no reason for its presence there at any time. There was no mark or blemish upon or about the eye. It was as clear and penetrating as its fellow, darkly glowing in the red glow from below. Moreover, Beverly saw that he was strikingly handsome—a strong, manly face. The highly imaginative southern girl's mind reverted to the first portraits of Napoleon she had seen.

Suddenly he started, threw up his head and, looking out into the sky, uttered some strange words. Then he strode abruptly toward her doorway. She fell back breathless. He stopped just outside, and she knew that he was listening for sounds from within. After many minutes, she stealthily looked forth again. He was standing near the fire, his back toward her, looking off into the night.

The wind was growing stronger. The breezes fanned the night into a rush of shivery coolness. Constant flickerings of lightning illuminated the forest, transforming the treetops into great black waves. Tall reeds along the river bank began to bend their tops, to swing themselves gently to and from the wind. In the lowlands down from the cave myriads of fire-wisps played tag with jack-o'-lanterns, the latter seeming about in the blackness, reminding her of the revelers in a famous Brocken scene. Low moans grew out of the havoc, and voices seemed to speak in unintelligible whispers to the agitated twigs and leaves. The secrets of the wind were being spread upon the records of the night. Tales of many climes passed through the ears of Nature.

From gentle undulations the marshland reeds swept into lower dips, danced wilder minuets, lashed each other with infatuated glee, mocking the whistle of the wind with an angry swish of their tall bodies. Around the cornices of the Inn of the Hawk and Raven scurried the singing breezes, reluctant to leave a playground so pleasing to the fancy. Soon the night became a caldron, a surging, hissing, roaring receptacle in which were mixing the ingredients of disaster. Night birds flapped through the moaning treetops in search of shelter; reeds were flattened to the earth, bowing to

She saw him throw his arms aloft.

the sovereignty of the wind; clouds roared with the rumble of a million chariots, and then the sky and the earth met in one of those savage conflicts that make all other warfare seem a play.

As Beverly sank back from the crash she saw him throw his arms aloft as though inviting the elements to mass themselves and their energy upon his head. She shrieked involuntarily, and he heard the cry above the carnage. Instantly his face was turned in her direction.

"Help! Help!" she cried. He bounded toward the swishing robes and blankets, but his impulse had found a rival in the blast. Like a flash the walls of the guest chamber were whisked away, scuttling off into the night or back into the depths of the cavern. With the deluge came the man. From among the sliding robes he snatched her up and bore her away, she knew not whither.

CHAPTER VI.

"MAY all storms be as pleasant as this one," Beverly heard some one say with a merry laugh. The next instant she was placed soundly upon her feet. A blinding flash of lightning revealed Baldos, the goat hunter, at her side, while a dozen shadowy figures were scrambling to their feet in all corners of the Hawk and Raven. Some one was clutching her by the dress at the knees. She did not have to look down to know that it was Aunt Fanny.

"Goodness!" gasped Beverly, and then it was pitch dark again. The man at her side called out a command in his own language and then turned his face close to hers.

"Do not be alarmed. We are quite safe now. The royal bedchamber has come to grief, however, I am sorry to say. What a fool I was not to have foreseen all this! The storm has been brewing since midnight," he was saying to her.

"Isn't it awful?" cried Beverly between a moan and a shriek.

"They are trifles after one gets used to them," he said. "I have come to be quite at home in the tempest. There are other things much more annoying, I assure your highness. We shall have lights in a moment." Even as he spoke two or three lanterns began to flicker feebly.

"Be quiet, Aunt Fanny, you are not hurted at all," commanded Beverly quite firmly.

"De house is sush to blow down, Miss—yo' highness," groaned the trusty maidservant. Beverly laughed bravely but nervously with the tall goat hunter. He at once set about making his guest comfortable and secure from the effects of the tempest, which was now at its height. Her couch of cushions was dragged far back into the cavern and the rescued blankets, though drenched, again became a screen.

"Do you imagine that I'm going in there while this storm rages?" Beverly demanded as the work progressed.

"Are you not afraid of lightning? Most young women are."

"That's the trouble. I am afraid of it. I'd much rather stay out here where there is company. You don't mind, do you?"

"Paradise cannot be spurned by one who now feels its warmth for the first time," he said gallantly. "Your fear is my delight. Pray sit upon our throne. It was once a humble carriage pall of leather, but now it is exalted. Besides, it is much more comfortable than some of the gilded chairs we hear about."

"You are given to irony, I fear," she said, observing a peculiar smile on his lips.

"I crave pardon, your highness," he said humbly. "The heart of the goat hunter is more gentle than his wit. I shall not again forget that you are a princess and I the veriest beggar."

"I didn't mean to hurt you!" she cried in consternation, for she was a very poor example of what a princess is supposed to be.

"There is no wound, your highness," he quickly said. With a mocking grace that almost angered her he dropped to his knee and motioned for her to be seated. She sat down suddenly, clapping her hands to her ears and shutting her eyes tightly. The crash of thunder that came at that instant was the most fearful of all, and it was a full minute before she dared to lift her lids again. He was standing before

Continued on eighth page.

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1000 inches of space from The Springfield Sun to be used during the year to advertise my Real Estate and Insurance business. I want to advertise for you FREE OF CHARGE—your Farm, your House and Lot, your BUSINESS—in fact anything you want to sell. I have a few farms to offer this week, but, these, as you will observe, do not near fill up my space. Remember the white space BELOW IS YOURS:

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No. 2.—Mercantile business, good location in village of Washington county. Best of reason for selling.

No. 3.—70 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good dwilling, good tobacco barn, plenty tobacco land, good water, close to school house and church. Price, $40 per acre.

No. 4.—255 acres, three good barns, two dwellings, plenty of grass. All the farm ready for the plow. Price, $60 per acre.

No. 5.—167 acres, seven miles from Springfield, plenty timber, oak, ash, hickory; good dwelling and barns, well-watered, one-half mile from school house and church. Good tobacco land. Price, per acre, $15.

No. 6.—205 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, 3 tobacco barns, one stock barn, all necessary outbuildings, plenty timber, lots of good tobacco land, well-watered, well-fenced, good grass. Price, $35 per acre.

No. 7.—175 acres, dwelling, stable, well-watered, well-fenced, whole farm tobacco land. Seven miles from town.

No. 8.—128 acres, two miles from Springfield, plenty timber, all necessary outbuildings, good grass, good dwelling and barn. Price, $20 per acre.

No. 9.—65 acres, nine miles from Springfield, 20 acres timber, two houses, one barn that will hold ten acres of tobacco, well fenced.

No. 10.—108 acres, seven miles from Springfield, 15 acres good timber, plenty good tobacco land, good barn, fine orchard, good, large dwelling. Will make fine dairy farm, on railroad. Price, $37.50 per acre.

No. 11.—220 acres, six miles from Springfield, on good pike, 50 acres timber—ash, oak, hickory and poplar. Church and school convenient, two barns, two dwellings, telephone in house, well-watered and plenty tobacco land. Price, $35 per acre.

No. 12.—The most desirable house in Springfield. Well located.

No. 13.—A nice cottage in Springfield. Good barn with acre of ground. Cheap.

No. 14.—155½ acres, seven miles from Springfield, on good pike, 50 acres timber, two new barns, new dwelling house, plenty of fine tobacco land. 50 acres of cotton gin bottom land. Price, $60.

Several other pieces of farm property. If you want a home in Springfield I've got it at any price.

B. D. Lake, Springfield

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(1495)

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$10 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT.

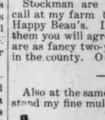
Lien retained on the colt for service fee. Money due when the colt is foaled or when the mare is parted with. Care taken to prevent accidents, but not responsible should any occur.

Happy Beau, foaled 1899, sired by Beau Brummel 600, by Kenmore. Grandsire Jewel Denmark 70. Dam, mare by Happy Cross 52. Happy Cross by Garret Chief.

Happy Beau is a dark chestnut sorrel, 15 hands 3 inches; weight 1,050; goes five flat footed gaits, and wore as many blue ties as any horse of his age. Has fine mane and tail and fine style and action, and has proven himself to be a fine breeder. Perfectly gentle to handle in every respect.

Stockman are earnestly invited to call at my farm to see three colts of Happy Beau's. I believe when you see them you will agree with me that they are as fancy two-year-olds as there are in the county. Over 15 hands.

Also at the same time and place I will stand my fine mule jack,



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$7

conditions same as given above.

Dewey is a dark brown jack, 14 hands 3 inches, with good points, fine lengths, and fine bone, good head and ears, and has proven himself to be a first-class breeder.

Mares or jennets pastured for $2 per month.

S. B. NALLY.

WACO DARE, JR.,

NO. 1162 in VOL. 3, N. S. H. R.

One that is not untried, but a fine and uniform Breeder, his colts are among the best in the county.

Waco Dare, Jr. will make the season at Walker's Heights Stock Farm, four miles West of Springfield on the Bloomfield pike, at

$10 to Insure a Living Colt.

Waco Dare is a handsome saddle and harness horse, stylish, perfect in form and action, fine mane and tail, 15½ hands high beautiful dark bay.

PEDIGREE—Sired by Waco Dare, 1027, by Chester Dare, 10, by Black Squirrel, 58, by Black Eagle, 74, by King William, 67, by Washington Denmark, 64, by old Black Denmark, he by Imp. Hedgeford. Waco Dare, Jr.'s 1st dam Bessie, by Prince Denmark, he by King Denmark, he by Star Denmark, he by old Black Denmark, he by Imp. Hedgeford. Waco's second dam by Tube Rose, he by Cabble's Lexington, S. F. Third dam by Duluth, he by Cabble's Lexington, S. F. Waco, 1027, first dam by Fairfax Denmark, by Diamond Denmark, 68, by Jones Denmark, by Denmark, F. S., he by Imp. Hedgeford. Chester Dare's first dam by Dave Atkins, second dam by Old Nan, by Major Breckinridge, by Giltner's Highlander, by Brown's Highlander, third dam, McDonald, by Scott's Highlander. Black Squirrel's first dam Mollie, by Brown's Highlander, by Buford's Eclipse. Second dam McDonald, by Scott's Highlander, by G. D. Hirst's Brown Highlander, in a word, a jog universal laws that like begets like.

J. R. WALKER

Leading Baptists of Kentucky, are trying to perfect an arrangement to change date of General Assembly from June to November. Farmers too busy in June.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of a grippe with a life miserable symptoms. Dr. Easton of Maple Landing, Iowa, says: "Eyes and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spell of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the action with a double dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Several days' liberal use soon completely broke us of the grip." Sold by every dealer in the Blue Grass.

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON,
Author of "Graustark"

Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead and Company

her, and there was genuine compassion in his face. "It's terrible," he said. "Never before have I seen such a storm. Have courage, your highness. It can last but little longer."

"Goodness!" said the real American girl, for want of something more expressive.

"Your servant has crept into your couch, I fear. Shall I sit here at your feet? Perhaps you may feel a small sense of security if I"—

"Indeed, I want you to sit there," she cried. He forthwith threw himself upon the floor of the cave, a graceful, respectful guardian. Minutes went by without a word from either. The noise of the storm made it impossible to speak and be heard. Scattered about the cavern were his outstretched followers, doubtless asleep once more in all this turmoil. With the first lull in the war of the elements Beverly gave utterance to the thought that long had been struggling for release.

"Why do you wear that horrid black patch over your eye?" she asked, a trifle timidly. He muttered a sharp exclamation and clapped his hand to his eye. For the first time since the beginning of their strange acquaintanceship Beverly observed downright confusion in this debonair knight of the wilds.

"It has—has slipped off," he stammered, with a guilty grin. His merry insolence was gone, his composure with it. Beverly laughed with keen enjoyment over the discomfiture of the shame faced vagabond.

"You can't fool me!" she exclaimed, shaking her finger at him in the most unconventional way. "It was intended to be a disguise. There is absolutely nothing the matter with your eye."

He was speechless for a moment, recovering himself. Wisdom is conceived in silence, and he knew this. Vagabond or gentleman, he was a clever actor.

"The eye is weak, your highness, and I cover it in the daytime to protect it from the sunlight," he said coolly.

"That's all very nice, but it looks to be quite as good as the other. And what is more, sir, you are not putting the patch over the same eye that wore it when I first saw you. It was the left eye at sunset. Does the trouble transfer after dark?"

He broke into an honest laugh and hastily moved the black patch across his nose to the left eye.

"I was turned around in the darkness, that's all," he said serenely. "It belongs over the left eye, and I am deeply grateful to you for discovering the error."

"I don't see any especial reason why you should wear it after dark, do you? There is no sunlight, I'm sure."

"I am dazzled, nevertheless," he retorted.

"Fiddlesticks!" she said. "This is a cave, not a drawing room."

"In other words, I am a lout and not a courtier," he smiled. "Well, a lout may look at a princess. We have no court etiquette in the hills, I am sorry to say."

"That was very unkind, even though you said it most becomingly," she protested. "You have called this pall a throne. Let us also imagine that you are a courtier."

"You punish me most gently, your highness. I shall not forget my manners again, believe me." He seemed thoroughly subdued.

"Then I shall expect you to remove that horrid black thing. It is positively villainous. You look much better without it."

"Is it an edict or a compliment?" he asked, with such deep gravity that she flushed.

"It is neither," she answered. "You don't have to take it off unless you want to"—

"In either event it is off. You were right. It serves as a partial disguise. I have many enemies and the black patch is a very good friend."

"How perfectly lovely," cried Beverly. "Tell me all about it. I adore stories about feuds and all that."

"Your husband is an American. He should be able to keep you well entertained with blood-and-thunder stories," said he.

"My hus— What do you— Oh, yes!" gasped Beverly. "To be sure. I didn't hear you, I guess. That was rather a severe clap of thunder, wasn't it?"

"Is that also a command?"

"What do you mean?"

"There was no thunderclap, you know."

"Oh, wasn't there?" helplessly.

"The storm is quite past. There is still a dash of rain in the air, and the wind may be dying hard, but aside from that I think the noise is quite subdued."

"I believe you are right. How sudden it all was."

"There are several hours between this and dawn, your highness, and you should try to get a little more sleep. Your cushions are dry and"—

"Very well, since you are so eager to get rid of"— began Beverly, and then stopped, for it did not sound particularly regal. "I should have said, you are very thoughtful. You will call me if I sleep late?"

"We shall start early, with your permission. It is forty miles to Ganlook, and we must be half way there by nightfall."

"Must we spend another night like this?" cried Beverly dolefully.

"Alas, I fear you must endure us another night. I am afraid, however, we shall not find quarters as comfortable as those of the Hawk and Raven."

"I didn't mean to be ungrateful and —er—snippish," she said, wondering if he knew the meaning of the word.

"No?" he said politely, and she knew he did not, whereupon she felt distinctly humbled.

"You know you speak such excellent English," she said irrelevantly.

He bowed low. As he straightened his figure, to his amazement, he beheld an agonizing look of horror on her face, her eyes riveted on the mouth of the cavern. Then there came an angrier sound, unlike any that had gone before in that night of turmoil.

"Look there! Quick!"

The cry of terror from the girl's palsied lips as she pointed to something behind him awoke the mountain man to instant action. Instinctively he snatched his long dagger from its sheath and turned quickly. Not twenty feet from them a huge catlike beast stood half crouched on the edge of the darkness, his long tail switching angrily. The feeble light from the depth of the cave threw the long, water soaked visitor into bold relief against the black wall beyond. Apparently he was as much surprised as the two who glared at him, as though frozen to the spot. A snarling whine, a fierce growl, indicated his fury at finding his shelter, his lair, occupied.

"My God! A mountain lion! Ravone! Franz! To me!" he cried hoarsely, and sprang before her shouting loudly to the sleepers.

A score of men, half awake, grasped their weapons and struggled to their feet in answer to his call. The lion's gaunt body shot through the air. In two bounds he was upon the goat hunter. Baldos stood squarely and firmly to meet the rush of the maddened beast, his long dagger poised for the death dealing blow.

"Run!" he shouted to her.

Beverly Calhoun had fighting blood in her veins. Utterly unconscious of her action at the time, she quickly drew the little silver handled revolver from the pocket of her gown. As man, beast and knife came together, in her excitement she fired recklessly at the combatants without any thought of the imminent danger of killing her protector. There was a wild scream of pain from the wounded beast, more pistol shots, fierce yells from the excited hunters, the rush of feet, and then the terrified and almost frantic girl staggered and fell against the rocky wall. Her wide gray eyes were fastened upon the writhing lion, and the smoking pistol was tightly clutched in her hand.

It had all occurred in such an incredibly short space of time that she could not yet realize what had happened.

Her heart and brain seemed paralyzed, her limbs stiff and immovable. Like the dizzy whirl of a kaleidoscope, the picture before her resolved itself into shape.

Continued next week.

Uninterested.

"Over there, ladies and gentlemen," said the guide to the party of "personally conducteds," "are the famous mud baths of"—

"Don't interest me," said the gentleman from the United States indifferently. "I've run for office too many times at home."—Puck.

Springfield Market

Bacon—Hams, 15c; Sides, 12½c.
Beeswax—24c per pound.
Butter—15c to 20c per pound.
Chickens—Hens, 9½c; Spring, 9c
Dried apples, 5c per pound.
Ducks—8c per pound.
Corn Meal—75c to 80c. per bushel.
Eggs—14c per dozen.
Feathers—45c per pound.
Flour—$2.90to $3
Ginseng—$7.50 per pound.
Grain—Wheat 85c; corn, 60c; Oats
Hides—Green, 9½c to 10½c
Lard—10c per pound.
Lime—90c to $1.00 per barrel.
Mill products—Bran 80; shipstuff, $1.00 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes—Country, 80c.
Onions—$1.00.
Salt—$1.45 and $1.85 per barrel.
Turkeys—10 per pound.
Tallow—4c per pound.
Vinegar—25c to 40c per gallon.
Wool—Burry and greasy, 14½c; clear of grease, 20c; tub washed, 28c.
Country Sorghum—45c to 50c
Geese—50c a peice

Announcements

Illinois Centrai R. R.

$15.20 LOUISVILLE TO NEW ORLEANS and Return
April 22 to 24 inclusive.

$65.50 LOUISVILLE TO CALIFORNIA and Return
April 24 to May 4 inclusive

Extremely low round trip Rates to points in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Teritory, Oklahoma and Texas, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Hot Springs, Ark.,—Daily Sleeping Car without change Louisville to Memphis.

Through personally conducted Excursion Sleeper, Louisville to California, Arizona and Texas,

FULL PARTICULARS concerning all the above can be had by addressing

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A.,
Louisville, Ky.

Ben Patchen

Will make the season of 1906 at the farm of Mrs. R. F. Parrott, two and a half miles from Springfield, on the Mackville pike, at

$10 to Insure a Living Colt.

PEDIGREE AND DESCRIPTION.

Ben Patchen is a bay horse, 16 hands high, is by Mambrino Boy, Jr., 6997, sire of Volo, 2:12, and one pacer, 2:09. Yearling trial was 2:56, own brother to Chicadee, 2:29, Mambrino Boy, sire of Lizzie R., 2:22½, Mambrino Archer, 2:24¾, Five Points 2:19½, Sadie 2:29½, and others. First dam Satinette by Sentinel 2:29¾, sire of Lady Thorn 2:18¼, also the dam of Pierdmont, 2:18½, and he by Mambrino Patchen, the greatest sire living or dead.

This colt combines the blood of two of the world's greatest sires and three dams in the great brood mare list—Green Mountain Maid being dam of 9 and grand dam of 135; Columbine dam of 3 and grand dam of 21; Nellie, his own dam, having 3 colts and 10 grand colts in 2:30 or better. This follow had individuality as well as pedigree.

JOHN, my fine jack, will make the season at the same and place, at the same price and under the same condition as the horse. This jack is 15½ hands high and is a sure foal-getter.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents but I will not be responsible should any occur. Money due when the colt is foaled or mare parted with.

R. L. PARROTT.

SPOTWOOD

Will make the season of 1906 at my stable, one-half mile north of Fredericktown, on the farm known as the Tom Thompson place, at

$8 to Insure a Living Colt.

Spotwood, Jr., is 16 hands one inch high, is a dark Mahogony bay, sired by Spotwood; he by Wilkes Boy; he by George Wilkes; dam by Ashland Clay; out of Sam Grundy's Gray Susie. Spotwood has three Mambrino crosses in his breeding. Although a trotting bred horse all of his colts will saddle and make fine combined horses. Lien retained on all colts to secure service fee and money due when mare is parted with or bred to another horse.

JOE BLACKBURN

Will make the season at the same time and place.

Joe Blackburn is a fine black Jack, 15 hands high, with white points. He has proven himself to be a fine breeder and a sure foal getter. He is finely bred his grand sire being Imported Paragon. Will stand at

$8 to Insure a Living Colt.

A lien will be retained on colt to secure service fee.

J. T. MONTGOMERY.

Fancey Boy!

Will make the season of 1906 at my stable, ½ mile west of Cardwell, at

$8 to Insure a Colt to Stand and Suck.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE—Fancey Boy is a beautiful Chestnut Sorrel with blaze face and one stocking, 7-years-old this sp ing, 16½ hands high and will weigh 1100 pounds in good flesh and is the best disposition horse I have ever handled. He was sired by Nick Wathen's old Fancey Boy, a very successful show horse. First dam by Pete Golddust. Second Dam by Vonmoltke. Wathen's Fancey Boy by Carpenter's Denmark. First dam by Seal. Second dam Pete Goldust by Longfellow Goldust, he by Zilcada Goldust. Vonmoltke by Cabbles Lexington. First dam by Old Bourbon.

At same time and place I will stand two as good mule Jacks as this country affords at

$6 for a Horse Mule and $7 for a Mare Mule

Money due is all cases when colt is foaled, mare parted with or bred elsewhere. Lien retained on all colts until season money is paid. Care taken to prevent accidents and escapes but not responsible should any occur.

For further information call on or address W. L. GRAHAM, Cardwell, Ky.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Springfield Post Office for week ending April 18, 1906:

John W. King, Nicolancelo Lommarrs, Dee Mitchell, W. A. Orr, Cavanaugh Pinkston, Mrs. W. R. Thurmar, J. I. Robenson, Branistana Oszajcowa, Oilie Williams, Miss Sarah Underwood.

W. A. WATERS, Postmaster.

There's an ordinance in Middlesboro prohibiting street fakirs doing business, and it's also a bar to medicants.

It seems to be "nip and tuck" with Central City and Greensburg for the Muhlenberg county Courthouse. A new one is to be built.

THIS IS SUNSHINE DAY

Throughout the Entire United States

Don't Fail to be among the number of those who visit our store and get a Coupon

Free

A PACKAGE OF **SUNSHINE Finishes** AND A SET OF **SUNSHINE Furniture** TO THE FIRST 25 LADIES VISITING OUR STORE TODAY

EVERYBODY WILL RECEIVE A COUPON ENTITLING HOLDER TO A FREE SET OF SUNSHINE FURNITURE.

"Put a Little SUNSHINE in Your Home"
AND
MAKE IT MORE CHEERFUL AND ATTRACTIVE.

For Sale by C. J. HAYDON.

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Under this head all persons who are subscribers to The Sun may insert free of charge advertisements of wheat, corn, oats and other farm products, stock, etc., for sale or wanted. Land for sale or for rent not included, but inserted in another department of the paper at very low rates.

Mrs. Will Clements, Route 1, has for sale Black Manorca eggs, pure stock. 15 for 75 cents.

Lonnie Campbell, Springfield, has for sale a nice four-year-old black mare with mare mule colt by her side.

T. J. Hamilton, Rout 2, has for sale a good Jack.

Mrs. J. H. Walker, will sell eggs per sitting of 15, her famous laying strain of single comb Brown Leghorns, at fifty cents.

A. C. Kimball, Springfield, has for sale White Wyandotts, White Plymouth Rock and Single Comb Brown Leghorn eggs. 75 cents for 15.

Mrs. P. M. Howard, Lebanon, Ky., R. F D. No. 3; has for sale Cornishe India Game eggs, $1 for 15. Mr. Howard has for sale Duroc Jersey hogs.

F. G. Combs, Fredericktown, has for sale a safe saddle and family mare, also one fine brood sow.

H. R. Thompson, Springfield, has for sale two 2-year-old mules.

Mrs. J. A. Cecil, Frederickstown, has for sale high grade Wyandott eggs.

M. H. Jones, Springfield, wants to buy a good heavy-bodied work horse, not less than 1200 pounds. Small blemishes not adjectionable.

Mrs. Will. Duncan, R. F. D. No. 3, has for sale Barred Plymouth Rock—Conger strain—15 for $1.

Jim Keene, four miles from Springfield on Bardstown pike, has for sale four stacks of clover hay.

W. G. Grundy, Valley Hill, has for sale a Chester White boar and a registered Short Horn Bull.

Mrs. B. L. Litsey, R. F. D. No. 3, has for sale Buff Orppington and Brown Leghorn eggs. 15 for $1.

Mrs. Jas. I. Martin, R. F. D. No. 1, has for sale pure bred Rhode Island Reds eggs. 15 for $1.

Mrs. Malisa Peyton, Route 4, has fine Plymouth Rock eggs for sale. 17 for $1, delivered.

Mrs. Annie L. Vize, R. F. D. No. 2, has for sale pure-bred Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. 15 for $1.

Clyde Goatley, R. F. D. No. 1, has for sale the S. C. Brown Leghorn eggs. 35 cents for 16.

Mrs. Laura Vest, of near town, has for sale two good heifers.

Mrs. R. A. McIntire, R. F. D. No 2. has for sale eggs from pure-bred B. P. Rocks and S. C. Buff Orpingtnn. $1 for 15.

Chamberlain's

Cough Remedy

The Children's Favorite
—CURES—
Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult
Price 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.

J. T. PHILLIPS. T. RAY PHILLIPS.

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The best Iron Fence on the market for cemetery purposes.

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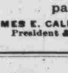
A Royal OPPORTUNITY Sweethearts!

"is certain to present itself. When it does, say the words you've longed for so long to say. At the same time present the beautiful young lady with a lovely diamond ring." You're sure to be happy if the ring and other presents are bought of me. To prove it, try it.

JAS. J. GRAVES.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

(INCORPORATED)



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Sun and Daily Herald $2